

Sree Yôgavāsishtha

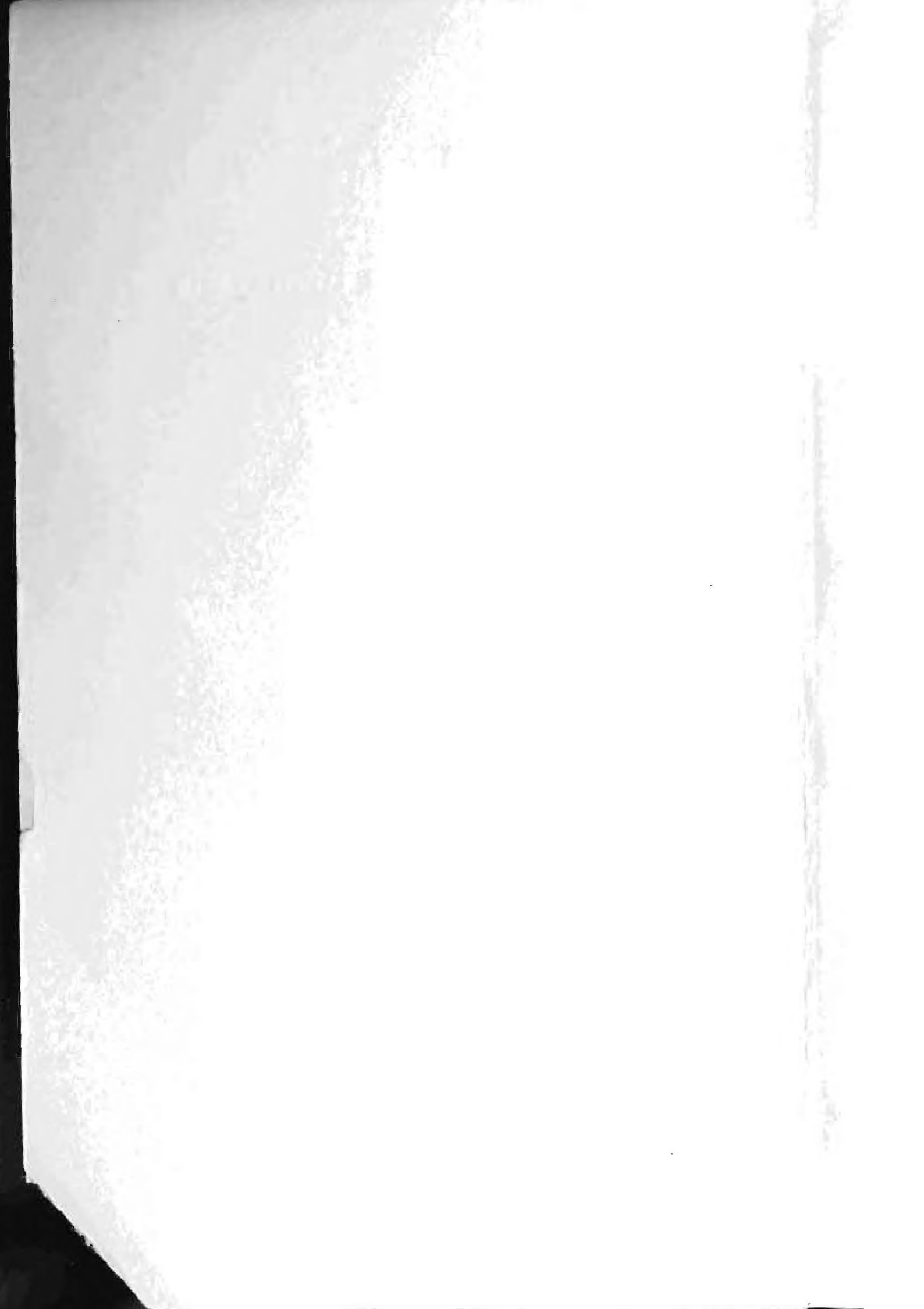
Sree Vāsishtha Mahā Rāmāyana

volume six



Vidvan

BULUSU VENKATESWARULU, M. A.



Sree Yogavasishtha

Sree Vasishtha Maha Ramayana

(True translation of the Original Sanskrit Work by
Sage Valmiki into English)

(**Volume Six**)



NIRVANA PRAKARANA



By

Vidvan BULUSU VENKATESWARULU M. A.,

**Retired Head of the Deptt. of English,
Andhra Educational Service**

**Author of more than hundred fifty works
in Telugu and English.**

First Edition 1990

Rs. 50/-

Copies can be had from **B. V. Subrahmanyam,**
S/o Late Vidvan **BULUSU VENKATESWARULU M. A.,**
8-22-14, Gandhinagar, Kakinada - 533 004.

A Bird's eye view of Sri Bulusu Venkateswarulu and his works

Sri Bulusu Venkateswarulu occupies a unique place in the history of Telugu Literature with hundred and odd good works, the majority in poetry, in simple grammatical and idiomatic language of the classical school of old. His verses thousands and thousands in number are fluent, spontaneous, clear, and direct in appeal. An effortless easy flow, a good versatility a docile delicacy of expression, and a blend of spirituality are apparent qualities of his poetry. In quality and quantity, variety and vivacity, brevity and beauty his works are of high order. Adhyatma Ramayana and Valmiki Ramayana, Sataka Ramayana and Nataka Ramayana, Devi Bhagavata and Maha Bhagavata. Maha Bharata and Sri Venkateswara Vijaya are voluminous works of outstanding merit on a par with the works of the ancient giant poets. Ashtavakra Charitra, Arundhati Vasishtha, and Ahalya Goutama are his prabandhas in which the heroes are saints and the heroines their wives a feature nowhere found in any literature of the world. His high regard for the glorious saints of ancient India resulted in his monumental lives of Ancient Indian Saints in many volumes, in telugu and english prose which won the acclaim from the Jagadguru to the ordinary layman for the credence and creditable copiousness.

Sri Bulusu Venkateswarulu, the fourth son and the sixth child of his parents was born on 18-10 1917 at 9-30 a. m. in a village on the bank of the Godavari in an orthodox family of Brahmins, famous for their rigid austerities and the ritualistic excellence. The name of the village is Padagatlapalli Ramachandrapuram, Razole Taluk, East Godavary District in Andhra Pradesh. His father was Sri Bulusu Venkata Subbavadhani, an unblemished Vedic scholar. His mother was Srimati Anna Purnamma, daughter of Sri Mokkalapati Sadasiva Sastry, A Scholar in the four

Sastras. With this family background with the influence of the river Godavari, the favourite spiritual mother of the poet, and the orthodox atmosphere all around made the poet a lover and worshipper of the great saints of ancient India. Moreover, his coming into contact with an extraordinary spiritual Guru, an anchorite ascetic and an all-comprehensive saint and intellectual in the early formative period of life, while he was still in his early teens was a turning point in his life. It was Hes. who instigated to write the lives of saints in Telugu and who correctly prophesied that Sri Venkateswarulu would be another Nannaya. Tikkana, Potana, the great galaxy of great poets who wrote the Maha Bharata and Bhagavata.

The telugu verse Bhaskara Ramayana, a great classic was written by six poets as was the case with the Telugu Maha Bhagavata, which was written by four poets, of whom Potana was one. The Telugu verse Maha Bharata was written by Nannaya Tikkana, and Yerrana in a number of decades. They won universal acclaim in the long course of time. Sri Bulusu Venkateswarulu wrote and published with the help of none all the three great works the Ramayana, Maha Bharata and the Maha Bhagavata. single handed within a few years, in the same style; with the same principles and zeal much to the astonishment and happiness of all. Naturally universal acclaim is in store for him whether he likes it or not.

Sri Bulusu Venkateswarulu took two B. A. degrees in Telugu and Economics from P. R. College, Kakinada, the Vidvan title of the Madras University, and three M. A. Degrees in English from the Nagpur University (Literature) the Bihar University (Greek Drama) and the Ranchi University (Novel). He served as Lecturer in English in Govt. P. R. College, Govt. College, Cuddapah, and A. S. Govt. College for Women, Kakinada. He retired after completing 62 years in July 1981.

He compiled the Vavilla Telugu Lexicon and was one of the compilers of the illustrious Suryaraya Telugu Lexicon. He translated the Sanskrit dramas kundamala Venisamhara, Yajñaphala and Abhisheka. The first two were text books, for the B. A. and M. A; degrees for many years in many Universities.

The poet wrote more than 50 satakas which are the pataka^s (Medals or ornaments) to the muse of poetry adored by her affectionate son. The poet no poet living or dead ever wrote so many satakas in praise of so many gods and Goddesses.

The eighteenth of October, 1917, 9-30 a. m. was the day and time of the dawn of the poet-son Bulusu Venkateswarulu on the horizon of Telugu Literature in which he remains the staunch classicist of the century: the place being a petty but pretty village on the beautiful bank of the Vasishtha Godavari in Razole Taluq, East Godavary District noted for its sanctity and serenity. When Mrs. Annapurnamma was about to deliver this son her husband Venkata Subbayya a Vedic scholar, was on his death-bed. She prayed in sad silence to her house-hold-God Lord Venkateswara for the happy delivery of the boy and for longevity to her husband. The kind and compassionate Lord appeared before her in her trance and said 'Be not afraid. Name your son, now being born after me. Every thing will be all-right. Your husband lives. Like a flash of lightning. He disappeared. The son was born, named after the Lord by the Lord Himself. The father was all right. That was the child that is the present Arshakavisiromani, Vidvan Bulusu Venkateswarulu M. A. (Treble) the staunch classicist of the century, in Telugu Literature having about one hundred and fifty works of monumental importance to his credit. In matter, manner, magnitude, in quality, quantity and quintessence, he stands unique among the present day poets in Telugu Literature.

Finishing his four classes in the elementary school in his native place, he joined in first form in Board High School, Razole

when he was in his third form his Telugu Pandit was Sri Yoganandayya Pantulu, who became a poet by the grace of Hanuman and who wrote many books including the Yogananda Ramayana. He used to shower poetry on the early teen-aged boys in his classes. Due to his influence, the boy wrote a poem and was shy to show it to his erudite teacher. His friends gave it to him. He read it aloud with his mellifluous tone. It was this poem:

“Puttinchina Devude ta
 Pettinchunu bhojanambu prema yadara ta
 Gattinchunu puttambula
 Nettulu Jeevintumanuchu nela vagavagan.”

(The same God who gave birth to you is sure to give you food affectionately and clothing gladly, No body need worry about one's future, Every thing is pre-destined.)

The teacher was all joy, He cajoled the boy and asked ‘Can you write another poem?’ The boy wrote on a slip of paper another poem and gave it to the teacher, The teacher read it aloud It was this poem:

‘Raatilonikappa Nootilo tabelu
 Chettutorraloni cheema keyadu
 Pettu bhojanambu prema meeraga vaade
 Neeku nasku pettu lokamulaku,’

(The same God that gives food to the frog in the stone, to the tortoise in the well, to the ant in the hole of the tree, gives food to you, to me and to all the worlds.)

Chaste poetry, celestial thoughts and sweet words with the highest philosophical content in the boy's first poetry was indicative of his great future. He was just thirteen or fourteen then

In those days the boy used to write stories to the then monthlies. His noted stories of those days were ‘Cyckilu Saradaa (the pleasure of riding a cycle) ‘Mogammayilu’ (Male-girls) ‘Teera

'Feera chuooste Yemee Ledu' (There is nothing after-all) 'Naameede Baaboyi' (On me hurrah). The stories were published with suitable pictures and cartoons. Each story used to get a remuneration also. His poems also were published and remuneration was sent to the boy by M. O. Really he does not know for certain, rules of grammar or prosody. The gift of poetry was neither hereditary nor acquired. It came to him on its own will.

The boy joined in P. R. C School in fifth form and studied there onwards. When he was in B. A. Junior, in P. R. College Kakinada, his poetry till then fragments and small poetical pieces, took the form of a small prabandha of elegance and eternity. It was 'Ashtavakra Charitra' the story of the sage of the name that appeared in the Mahabharata. It was the glory of celibacy, the sanctity of marriage and married life as lived in the hermitages of ancient saints, and the ideal of life as depicted by the ancient Indian tradition. How to get the book printed? The boy had no pie in his hand. He wrote a letter to Messers. Vavilla Ramaswami Sastrulu & Sons of Madras, sending them the manuscript copy 'Sirs, I request you to get my book printed free. In return, I will be contributing articles to your 'Trilinga' free". A reply came asking him to send Rs 40/- the cost of paper for printing 100 copies and they will do the printing and binding free. The boy prayed to Rama, who suggested to him to write to the Maha Rajah of Jeypore. At once he sent a verse-letter to Sri Vikrama Deva Varam, Maha Rajah of Jeypore and Pro-Chancellor of Andhra University to send him Rs. 40/- stating the purpose. He ordered his Dewan to send the amount by M. O. The same was received by the boy who sent it to M/s Vavillas, who printed 100 copies of the book gratis and sent to the poet to his utter happy surprise. He sent a copy each to the

professors of Telugu of the Madras University as well as to that of the Andhra University. Both the professors liked the book and at once prescribed it as Modern Poetry for Madras B. A. and Andhra B. A. Examinations. The poet had the unique distinction of studying his own book, the first book ever written by him, as text book for his B. A. Final Examination.

The Vavillas encouraged the budding genius in many ways. The poet used to write introductions to some and edit some of their own publications. In return they used to print his books free. Thus, 'Ashtavakra Charitra' was printed four times free. The poet's Telugu rendering of Dignaga's 'Kundamala' was printed twice. It was prescribed as Drama for the Vidvan Examination, when, the poet took his Vidvan Title from the Madras University. This is the second time that the poet had his own book as text book for his own Examination. The Vavillas continued their patronage. They printed the first two volumes of his "Maharshula Charitralu" which received great acclaim. They entrusted to him the work of editing the Vavilla Telugu Lexicon in four volumes. The payment was in some cash and a free gift of one copy each of their Sanskrit and Telugu publications, a great treasure indeed. Thus, the poet was in possession of all the classics in Sanskrit and Telugu.

After 'Ashtavakra Charitra' won great admiration from the poets as well as the ordinary reader, the poet wrote and published two more prabandhas on the same lines. They were 'Abalya Gautama' 'Arundhati Vasishtha'. In the three holy poems, the saints were the heroes and their wives the heroines. The ashrama life of hermits, their dedication to the spiritual side of life, their penance and purity, their ideas and ideals quite different from the worldly people and their hoary and holy contributions to Indian Culture were depicted in simple chaste elegant and dignified style.

The next monumental work of Sri Venkateswarulu was "Sri Maharshulu Charitralu" in Telugu prose in eight volumes. Ably collecting the relevant materials from the Sru'tis, Smritis, Puranas and the Kavyas, wisely assimilating and arranging them in a set order and presenting them in an interesting inspiring and ennobling manner which resulted in excellent biographies the illustrious sons and Gotrakaras, the founders of the lineage of ancient India, in style simple but grammatical and idiomatic chaste and pure. The author won great appreciation and admiration from the highest Jagadguru to the lowest layman for the monumental work he thus produced.

The poet wrote and published about fifty Satakas. (A Sataka is a garland of 108 verse flowers) in praise of different Gods and Goddesses etc. No poet either living or dead even wrote as many Satakas as this poet wrote. It is said that these Satakas are the Patakas (gold medals or ornaments) to the Muse of poetry, adored by her affectionate son the poet.

Among his minor poetical works, a galaxy of them like Parasara Smriti Sangraha (Parasara smriti abridged) Bhakti Geetalu (Songs of devotion) Vairagya Geetalu (Songs of renunciation) Neeti geetalu (Songs on morals) Stuti Geetalu (Songs of praise) Premageetalu (Songs of love) - here the songs are not songs but simple poems that can be sung-Bharata Savitri and Tiruppavai may be mentioned. His books on Literary Criticism "Bharati Vyasamulu" "Bharati Neerajanamu" and Sri Rama katha samajyam" are a veritable feast to the students of literature as they contain healthy and constructive criticism of great poets and their works, while the last is a bird's eye view of all the important works in Telugu Literature on the Ramayana.

The poet's translation of Dignaga's 'Kundamala' a great drama in Sanskrit into Telugu underwent twelve editions. His

translation of Bhattanarayana's VeniSamhara won him a fortune by being the text book in a number of Universities for a number of examinations, for a number of years. It enabled the poet to perform the marriages of his two daughters and publish his monumental books "Nirvachanadhyatma Ramayana" "Nirvachana Maha Bharata" and "Nirvachana Maha Bhagavatha" and other books without begging, borrowing or stealing. He was the author of some other dramas in Telugu. He was one of the compilers of the famous 'Suryaraya Nighantu' in eight volumes, and the sole Editor of the Vavilla Telugu Lexicon in four volumes. This gave the poet a good mastery over words, their meanings, their forms, their roots and their history as well as their mystery. With this firm background, wide study and great experience, he was able to accomplish the arduous task of writing and publishing the great classics within four years single handed with nobody's help of any kind.

The wonder is, Sri Venkateswarulu was a triple M. A. in English Literature, Drama and Novel from three different Universities. He was an English Lecturer by profession. He was the house-holder with very exacting domestic responsibilities. How could he well accomplish the divine task entrusted to him without His infinite grace? All this was done in the days when the huge majority of people are quite prone to waste their time and life in vain pursuits of ephemeral pleasures. As the saying goes.

"Kavya Sastra vinodena kalo gacchati dheematam
Vysanenacha murkhanam nidraya kalabenava"

While the wise spend their time reading and understanding the great classics and immerse themselves in higher pursuits, fools spend their time in vices, gossip, sleep or quarrels. Sri Bulusu without wasting a single second produced voluminous and monumental works of sincere devotion, true wisdom and

right renunciation. His "Adhyatma Ramayana and Valmiki Ramayana are quite true to the original, verse for verse. His "Maha Bharata" and "Maha Bhagavata" are to some extent abridged in the former part and elaborated in the latter parts of the works. His translation of 'Sri Devi Bhagavata' was also done on the same lines.

He also Published 'Sri Venkateswara Leela' All his grace which is a novel biography of the author himself his works and his interactions with the Divine lord and his sport which essentially became the inspiration for the authors efforts.

At the ripe age of 70 Sri Venkateswarlu Started on his most prestigious and painstaking task not at his free Will but by lord Rama's direct instigation to translate Sri Yoga Vasistha Maha Ramayana' from Sanskrit verse into simultaneously Telugu Verse Telugu prose and English prose. The Original in Sanskrit was also written by sage Valmiki while Valmiki's first Ramayana was called Kathopaya or Karmopaya (pathy of karma) the second One was described as Mokshopaya (pathy of liberation.) It was in 32000 slokas in six Chapters Vairagya. Mumukshu, Vyavahara Utpatti, Sthiti, Upasama Nirvana Prakaranas. Sri Bulusu. Completed and printed 6 Prakaranas and the Purvardha (first half) of Nirvana Prakarana (one volume) In Telugu verse he completed of published 6 prakaranas leaving the last prakarana untouched in verse form only 5 Prakaranas were completed and the first two Published leaving the rest in manuscript. This was the only work remained unfinished before the untimely abrupt and cruel hand of death snatched him away without any notice or hesitation. The task Sri Bulusu chose was endless of course. The Saintly soul's soaring efforts have totally exploited the limited energies of the mundane frame, perhaps to the extent of total exhaustion. But what he already gave to the world is itself

enough for umteen generations to assimilate and experience the invaluable eternal benefits of self enlightenment and God realisation

'Na Nrushihi kuruthe kavyam' He was a living saint walking and talking amidst us till yesterday. He was an immortal soul worthy of entry even into Guinness book of world record for his enparallel literary efforts consisting of nearly 200 works majority of which are all great epic poetical works. It was a challenging venture never taken up by any poet of any age to write and print single handed in ones own life time without begging borrowing or steating. He had a special love for Nirval chana poetry. All his major works were written in exclusive verse from using the greatest variety of meter without even the intermittant use of prose as did even the greatest among the traditional poets. He even made this poetry much simpler than prose so as to enable even the least literates to comprehend the greatness and spiritual essence of Arsha Vagmaya.

May the saintly soul rest in the eternal bliss of communion with the all pervading divine consciousnessfrom cradle to the grave Sri Bulusu loved and lived althrough a life totally dedicated to the lord and the divine task entrusted to him to open up vistas of ancient Indian culture and heritage its spiritual Treasures to the groping millions of todays mundane materialistic world the nectar fountains eternal wisdom flooded out from his pen to sanctify and satiate our parching minds. He was a realised and Redeemed soul. He lived for God and died in harness discharging the Divine task thro his literary services.

Sri Bulusu's 'Sri Venkateswara Vijayamu' a great poetic piece in five cantos in five thousand verses, deals with the story of the Lord of the Seven Hills. The materials were culled out from the different Puranas and other sources. Its presentation undoubtedly has no parallel.

It will not be out of place if some of his views are stated here.

"True poetry is nothing but divine grace in abundance. The Sage-poets of olden times used poetry, the best of the fine arts as a good instrument for attaining salvation, the be-all and end all of life not only to themselves but to their readers as well as their bearers

'Poetry is nothing but a spiritual sadhana. Art for art's sake, poetry for poetry's sake is non-sense. Every thing is for God's sake God is the realisation of the self.

Nothing is higher than self-realisation. One who does not realise self is useless here as well as hereafter.

'Every thing passes off. Nothing remains. It is the highest folly of man to run after the mirages of life, falling a prey to the fascinations of the ephemeral pleasures of the flesh.

'One should never be satisfied with nothing short of realisation of the Self. If man dies woefully without realization, to get the birth of man, the crown of God's creation, one has to undergo innumerable heinous births. Unbearable. Now itself realise and die. No more births or deaths.'

Such divine poets as these are very rare indeed. May his great poet live for many years in the hearts of the God-minded to inspire, elevate and ennoble the fallen angels by his words, deeds and works.

Satadhika Grandha kartha, Arshakavi Siromani, Andhra vyasa,
Arsha Sarasvatha brahma, Brahmasri vidwan Bulusu Venkateswarlu
His munumentel works at a glance

POETRICAL WORKS IN TELUGU

1. Maha bharatamu Vol 1
2. Maha bharatamu Vol 2
3. Maha bharatamu Vol 3
- 4,5. Devi bhagavatham Vol 2
6. Maha bhagavatham Vol 1
7. Mahabhagavatham Vol 2
8. Bharata Savithri
9. Dushta pathnamu
10. Vrata rajamu - 1
11. Vrata rajamu - 2
12. Adhyatma ramayanamu, DPL GT III 312-150
13. Sri Venkateswara vijayamu, GT III 73
- 14-17. Sri Valmiki ramayanam G Vol
18. Arundhati vasishtamu, GT III 309-147
19. Ahalya Gauthamamu GT III 5062-600
20. Ashta vakra charitamu, GT III 309-147
21. Parasara sangrahamu GT III 601-5663
22. Bhagavad githa GT III 602-5064
26. Yoga vasistha 24. Volumes
27. 31 Deva pooja[prasunamulu 5 Volumes, TCVB
105-3192
32. Ashta vakra samhita GT III 5061-599

TELUGU PLAYS

33. Kundamala of Dignaga TC VI B 16
34. Veni Samhara of Bhattanarayana 2374 G VI 214
35. Yagna phala of Bhasa 5001 GT VI A 712
36. Abhisheka of Bhasa GT VI A 5699-710
37. Rama natakam
38. Bharata Vijayam - Author's own GT VI A - 711

TELUGU WORKS IN PROSE

39. Kalahasthi Mahima GT VII 266
40. Sri Bhimeswara Mahatyam GT V B 14-4298
41. Mahapurushulu
42. Ratna Trayamu GT VIII C 382
43. Sree Ramakatha Samrajamu
44. Sarada mani Devi Jeevitham
45. Sarpapura Mahatmyamu
- 46-53 Maharshula Charitralu 1-8 Volumes
- 54-58 Yogavasistha 1-5 Volumes
59. Bharati Vyasamulu 574 GT VI 65
60. Bharati Neerajanamu 1960 TC VI B 78
61. Kalahasthi Mahatmyamu

ENGLISH PROSE WORKS

62. 69. The Lives of Ancient Indian saints 1-8 Volumes
70. 75. Yoga Vasistha 1-6 Volumes
76. Sri Venkateswara Leela - All his grace

TELUGU LEXICONS

77. 81. Surya rayandhra Nighantuvu 5 Volumes 2-7
 82. 85. Vavilla Nighantuvus 4 Volumes

TELUGU SATAKAS

86. Anantha Lakshmi Satakam
 87. Anjaneya Satakam
 88. Atmopaharam (Sarva lokeswara Satakam)
 89. Kanaka Durga Satakam
 90. Kalahasteeswara Satakam
 91. Kasi Visweswara „
 92. Krishna „
 93. Chennakesava „
 94. Janaki Kalyana Rama „
 95. Tripura Sundari Anugraha Satakam
 96. Tripura Sundari Dwipada „
 97. Tripura Sundari Satakam
 98. Telugu Talli Satakam
 99. Devi Puja Satakam
 100. Balagopala Satakam
 101. Budha kavisa Satakam
 102. Bhavanarayana Satakam
 103. Bhimeswara Sthotrabisheka Satakam
 104. Bhuvaneswari Satakam
 105. Mangala gowri Varalakshmi Satakam
 106. Malliswara Satakam
 107. Manikyamba Bhimeswara Satakam
 108. Mataanna purneswari satakam

109. Rama sthuti Satakam
110. Laksbmi Sthava Satakam
111. Venkatadreeswara „
112. Venkatesa „
113. Venkateswara Sankeerthana
114. „ Champakamala Satakam
115. „ swami geetha „
116. Venugopala Satakam
117. Venugopala Dwipada Satakam
118. Sambhavi Satakam
119. Satyadeva Samprardhana Satakam
120. Sri Satyavathi Satakam
121. Saraswathi Satakam
122. Sitaramekalyana Mahotsava Satakam
123. Subrahmanya Valliswara Satakam
124. Vigneswara Vilasa Satakam
125. Venugopala Sahasramu
126. Padmavathi Satakam
127. Agasthyeswara Satakam
128. Sributi Geethalu
129. Vairagya Geethalu
130. Neethi „
131. Prema „
132. Bhakti „
133. Sree Suktam
134. Purusha Suktam
135. Mantra Pushpam
136. Sandhya Vandanaam
137. Saptadinadhipa Satakam
138. Aditya Hridayamu
139. Inana gitalu
140. Sarvalokeswara Satakam

LITERARY ARTICLES

- Tenali Ramakrishnudu
 Tenali Ramakrishnuni Tammudu
 Dburjati
 Sivatatwa Saramu
 Samskruta nataka Kartalu - Vishadanta Rachana
 Sataka Vagmayamu
 Sumati Satakamu
 Baddena Niti sastra muktavali
 Besava Satakamu
 Kalapurnodayamu - Salina patra
 Nannaya Draupadi - Tikkana Sairandhri
 Andhra Samvada Kavyamulu
 Rukmavathi Parinayamu
 Amukta malyada
 Vaiyakaranuni Kavya gauravam
 Abhyudaya rachayitalaku Abhyudaya rachayita
 Andhra kathanika Kavyamulu
 Anantaamatyuni Syli
 Bhojarajeevamu
 Sambopakhyanamu
 Teta Telugu
 Telugu Nighantuvulu
 Veni Samharamu
 Narayana Bhattu - Bhatta Narayanudu
 Yagna Phalamu - Bhasuni Pratibha
 Bhatta narayanudu
 Pracheena sataka vagmayapari seelanamu
 Sri Kalabastiswara Satakamu

ONE ACT PLAYS

Bharata Dharmamu
 AshtaVakrudu
 Renuka
 Kundamala
 Vijaya dasami
 Matru Pradhanamu
 Varnantharams
 Nameede Baboi

BIOGRAPHICS

Sister Nivedita
 Saradamani Devi
 Sudeshna
 Karna Janana
 Atri Maharshi

Philosophical and religious Articles

Ajnanamu
 Bhagavanthunipai Bharamu
 Chaavu
 Anubhavardhamu
 Anandasagara Charitramu
 Anubhava nandamu
 Arya maharshulu
 Bharatiya Puranamulu
 Bharatadesa Charitramuna, Mathamunakugala sthanamu
 Anandamu Rasamu
 Soundarya Swarupamu
 Jivitha Paramartha Drikpathamu

LITERARY CRITICISM

Karna janana samsasya vicchedamu

Yodhula Dhvajamulu

Padigallu Vimarsanamulu

Authorship of Sumati Sataka

'Namali' 'Namali'

Katipaya Sabdardha Vicharamu

Valmikumulo konni Mimamsalu - Tatsamaadhaanamulu

Appakavi Satkavi Lakshana Nirupanamu

Arhanuswaramulu - Nirtharka prayogamulu

Vasucharitra Paryalokana pariseelanamu

Manu Charitra

Kathipaya Padya Pariseelanamu

Navayamini

Yagna Phalamu

Veni Sambharamu

ON ECONOMICS & INDUSTRIALISATION

1. Vocational Education in France
2. " " Japan
3. " " Germany
4. " " Great Britain
5. " " U. S. A
6. Adhunka Ardhika Jivanamu
7. Industrialisation of India
8. Banking in India

Parameswara

Vairagya Ghosha

Jivita Samasya

Nenu

Durgapuja

Bratuku Baata
 Mrinmaya Patralu
 Swatantra kanksha
 Andhra Veera
 Sarva Dhari
 Varsha Jivam
 Poushya Lakshmi
 Udbodhamu
 Bratuku Baruvu
 Mahishasura Mardani
 Naraka Chaturdasi
 Deepavali
 Ugadi
 Swarajya Siddhi
 Soka Geeti
 Bharati Swatantrya
 Sarat Jyotsna
 Naa Prema
 Virodhi
 Naimisha Prasamsa
 Sarojini
 Swagatamu
 Ganesha Stuti
 Bhaktyanjali
 Subha Sankramanam
 Telugu Mata

LIST OF PREFACES WRITTEN

Telugu Kavitha
 Vemana

Mythili
Kapothee Kapothamu
Srimaduttarottara Ramayanamu
Sri Kalahastiswara Satakamu
Bhojarajeeyamu
Vavilla Nighantuvu
Parama Sadhana
Amukta Malyada
Hari Vamsamu



Sree Yōga Vāsishtha

Sree Vāsishtha Maha Rāmāyana

NIRVANA PRAKARANA

(Poorvartha)

1. The Happenings of the Day

Vasishtha said that after Upasama Prakarana, the Nirvana Prakarana begins. This Prakarana confers on the hearer, Nirvana, the Final Emancipation. While Vasishtha narrates, Rama hears with rapt attention concentration and perfect silence. Keeping their minds on the exhortations of Vasishtha the whole audience was spell-bound and was like a picture unmoved, pondering over the meaning of the teaching. The saints were counting the points to be noted with their fingers. Even the ladies of the harem with looks wondering, eyes wide open, sat still like the fully blossomed bunches of flowers unmoved by windlessness, the black - bees of their eyes stuck up. Having finished his course, the Sun reached the setting place. Having heard the words of the sage, the Sun having attained a bit of peace and knowledge appeared to be calm and cool. The evening winds were slow having attained steadiness and silence by the great words of the great sage. They moved the flowers above a bit and spread the fragrance of the mandaaras all around. The black-bees falling in rows began to sleep in the various garlands as if they are saints taking rest after knowing the knowable in meditation. The waters in the pleasure-lakes surrounded by pearls appeared silent to attentively hear the great words of the noble sage. The Sun going round the sky for

long enters the centre of the house through the windows to be calm as per the teachings of the sage. He appeared as though by the rays of the dawn, he took fine and effulgent calm form wearing the sacred ashes of the day's pure lustre of the pearls spreading the message of peace on all sides. The playful lotuses in the hands and on the heads of kings, like the minds of the hearers of the calm message of the great sage began to contract themselves. The babies, the fools, the birds in the cages caused pain to their feeders crying for food. The dust of the lilies used to disappear with the blow of the wind of the wings of the black-bees. With the disappearance of rajas (flower dust; the quality erotic) the consequent worry and peacelessness too disappeared; they remained calm. As the audience of the kings was physically unconscious, the waving of the chamara fans ceased with the eye-lids taking rest. Unable to bear the brunt of the light of the Sun all darkness went and hid itself in the caves of mountains. Now as it was dawn, finding the opportunity darkness overcame the twilight and slowly entered the central place of the house. Then there was the sound of the close of the day. At once the great voice of the great sage Vasishtha ceased as the sounds of the trumpets overpowered like the cloud's sound overpowers the sound of the peacock. Like the forests having palmyra trees shaken by sudden earthquake, the birds in the cages became confused all of a sudden. Just as the clouds in the rainy season roaring take refuge in the middle of two mountain-tops, the boys hearing the sound were much afraid and crying hid their heads in between the two breasts of their nursing maids. By the gust of wind, from the shaken lake of lotuses water-drops fall here and there; thus the black bees, sleeping in the flower-ornaments of the kings were suddenly awakened by the terrific sound; they began to roam with pure bodies coloured by the flower-dust. Thus, the assembly hall of Dasaratha echoed and re-echoed reverberating with the sounds of the dawn. Then the sounds of the conches stopped. Noticing

that it is time to finish the discourse for the day, Vasishtha said to Rama stopping his exhortation with a sweet smile thus: 'Rama bind your mind-bird in the nest of spiritual discourse and keep it in the cage of the heart and fully control it, just as the swan leaves aside water and takes in milk only, leave aside the words not useful to you and concentrate on the words use-ful. Take the essence of my many words, Thouroughly examine and carefully follow with rapt attention the path I putforth before you the path of destroying the vasanās, eliminating the mind, controlling the life-breath and practising regularly the knowledge of the Self. If you follow this path, you will not be bound by any thing. Otherwise, the fall is inevitable all of a sudden; the fall is as dangerous as the fall of the wild elephant in the very very deep pit from the great Vindhya Mountain. if you do not carefully examine and follow my word you will fall like the blind or the lampless falling in the deep deep Vindhya pit head downwards. Follow your daily routine with no attachment whatsoever and do things as they fall on you. This is the Sastra-authorised method. Realise it and be broad-minded. Oh the audience, Dasaratha, Rama and Lakshmana, oh kings. It is the end of the day. Do your duties at the end of the day. Go and perform the rites of the dawn. We shall further deal with the subject the next morning''

All stood up with bright faces like fully-blossomed lotuses, praising Dasaratha, Rama and Vasishtha they returned to their houses. Vasishtha saluting the group of gods, along with Viswamitra arrived at his hermitage. Dasaratha and others following the sage for a short while, with words appropriate to the occasion departed. Like blackbees rising out of the lotus, some went on the sky-way ; some on the path of the forests, some to their royal palaces and some entered their sweet homes. Placing a bunch of flowers on the feet of the sage, Dasaratha along with the queens entered the harem. Rama, Lakshmana and Satrugna

followed Vasishtha to his hermitage, worshipped his feet and returned then to their royal palace. All others returned to their homes and performed the daily worship of the gods, the brahmins, the manes and the guests. Then as per their caste, dharma and pleasure all took their meal with the kith and kin. The Sun set along with the end of the duties of the day. The Moon came forward along with the duties of the night. Then from their beds, seats, mats of grass, the kings etc began to ponder over the method of crossing over the ocean of samsara with minds concentrated, as per the exhortation of sage Vasishtha. Then they slept like the lotuses beautiful in the middle of the day. Rama, Lakshmana and Satrughna pondered over the great teacher's teachings almost the whole night but slept just for a while and got refreshed. As Self-knowledge dawned on them their inner minds became immaculate and peaceful. Dispassion and discrimination, equanimity and equality, knowledge and wisdom favoured them with their presence; the night became lucky, with their light of knowledge, the night's fair-faced Moon became clumsy. (1-46)

2: Absolute Restfulness Confirmed

The dawn of discrimination destroys the vasanas; thus, the day-light destroyed the darkness; the face of the Moon as well as darkness becoming pale disappeared. Spreading his rays, the Sun appeared as catching the eastern mountain, looking at the world sans darkness and brightening the setting mountain. The rays of the Sun came and fell on the morning winds; the fine breeze feared even the small wind. The Sun to get rid of the heat was covered with the cool drops of snow. To cure the hunger and thirst, he drank the moonshine-flour-liquid. Rama, Lakshmana, Satrughna and their followers got up from their beds, took their bath, performed their morning duties and went to the hermitage of Vasishtha. He was coming out of the hermitage after finishing his routine. They offered him the arghyapadyas and lay prostrate at his feet. The calm place was filled with many

people following Rama in crowds. The sage followed by Rama and others reached the house of Dasara'ha. Dasaratha finishing his duties already, came forward to receive him and worshipped him. They entered the great assembly hall very well decorated with flowers, diamonds, pearls etc afresh and took their seats. The assembly was full with kings, saints, the sky-roamers and the people of the earth. All entered saluted each other, like unshaking lotuses, took their seats after Dasaratha. The brahmins, the saints and sages sat in their seats arranged as per their fitness. Sounds of mutual welcome and salutations ceased. The praises of the Vandimagadhas also ceased. The rays of the Sun too anxious to hear the words of the sage entered in through the windows. The sounds of ornaments of those who were over-anxious to enter early also ceased. Just as the black bee roaming over the sky, coming and settling down on the fully blossomed lotus, Rama then spread his looks on Vasishtha just as Kumara looks at Siva, Kacha at Brihaspati, Prahlada at Sukra and Garuda at Vishnu. Then Vasishtha taught as before thus to Rama :

“Rama, do you remember yesterday's words of knowledge ? Now hear the new words of eternal emancipation , attentively. By constant practice of Vairagya, dispassion and listening to the spiritual exhortation of the practical philosophers, it is easy to attain salvation. The correct understanding of reality destroys the innate unknown bits of vasanas and the sorrowless state of emancipation dawns. It is the Brahman that can not be divided by place, time, cause etc that appears as the world, causing the illusion of dualism. Without any residue, the all equal, all-calm Brahman alone prevails. There is nothing else. Realise this, give up egoism completely, and enjoy the happiness of the Brahman, the non-bodily, the only one, peaceful direct and eternal. Really, there is no mind, there is no ignorance, there is no intellect, there is no jiva - all these are the creations

of the Brahman. All riches, all actions, all desires, all are the Brahman, the beginningless and the endless ocean flows with roaring waves. The nether world, the earth, the heaven, all worlds, from the piece of straw to the highest thing, the vastest sky, only the Chidrupa the Brahman is and nothing else is. No likes, no dislikes, no bondage no riches no relatives, no bodies, the Brahman alone is; it flows like the beginningless and endless ocean. As long as there is the idea of ignorance, as long as there is the dualism, as long as there is the belief that the world different from the Brahman exists, the mind serpent works 'havoc. The mind works havoc as long as the body is treated as the Brahman, as long as the drisya is thought to be true, as long as there is aham and mama, 'I' and 'mine' exist. As long as there is no full benefit of the association of the wise and rejection of the company of the wicked, as long as utter and bitter ignorance does not vanish, the mind works havoc. As long as the idea of the world does not vanish, as long as there is no correct knowledge of reality, the mind works havoc. The mind does not stop its working havoc as long as the blindness of ignorance, foolishness and illusion that cause too much of fondness for sense - pleasures, exist. As long as the poisonous sense-pleasure-mongering expands in the forest of the heart, there does not enter the Chakora bird of Self-enquiry. Having no taste for the pleasures of the flesh, keeping the mind cool and calm, and cutting into pieces the ropes of desire, these lead to the destruction of the illusions of the mind. One who can get rid of desires and illusions and one who can keep his mind very cool and balanced under all circumstances can reap the best benefit of spiritual enlightenment. One who sees the objects before as non-existent and his own body as far far away from him is treated as mindless. For one, who realises mentally that he is the all-mind, the only Brahman, inner peace prevails; the illusions of Jiva etc vanish. If the ignorance that verily creates false knowledge is destroyed by the knowledge of the Self, the mind like the

burnt dry-leaf, like the drop of ghee in the fire, will never appear again. To the realised souls, the mind with all sattwa remains; it is just the sign of the flow of water that dried away. The mind of the Jivanmuktas is called not mind but the sattwa. The realised souls are the amanaskas, the non-minded. They play without mind though they have a mind. The Self-controlled, the Peaceful and the very pure great souls, though engage themselves in the affairs of the world are ever the seers of Self - Flame. They can never have the vasaṇas of duality. They always look inside and pour-forth the world-dry-grass in the flaming fire of the Chit. So, their mind-illusions vanish. The mind with discrimination is called Sattwa; in it is born no illusion just as the burnt seed puts forth no sprout. What is called by the word mind gives births and deaths to the ignorant; to the wise, it gives salvation, through knowledge. The mind that is burnt by the fire of knowledge, becomes sattwa and attaining the unattainable will not be born again. The mind with desires, like the non-uprooted green grass sprouts again and again, but the mind burnt with the fire of knowledge and enlightened by the right approach to knowledge will not rise again. The expansion of the Branman is the world; the world of beings is not different from the Brahman, both are like the Purified Mind and the Brahman; both are one and the same. As the chilliness is in black-pepper spread, the Chit is in the three worlds, which are not different from the Chit; their birth and death are false creations. Sat, asat (is and is not), the words and their meanings, are false. All is Chit; its divisions and differences are only apparent creations of ignorance, you are deluded by thinking that Pure Consciousness is jada, inanimate. Hence you grieve. The world is not true, false ideas in false things are false. Treat all as pure Consciousness and the mind it is. There is no scope for false creations. You are the Chidatman, You have no parts; you have no beginning, no middle and no end; recapitulate your reality; forgetting it, do not be fallen. Remember your form of Fullness. See it all through calmly. Be the Chit; be the

Brahman: You are all pure; all - pervading; you are not the many; you are the Only One; you are, what you are; you are not what you are not. That you are this you are not; Oh Brahman. Salutations, Salutations, salutations. You are devoid of the beginning and the end; the all-great-bodied; the all sky-like pure, having the seed of the world in you; you sit play-fully in all the worlds in every thing. Victory to you. Salutations to you.(1-60)

3. The Brahmaikya, The oneness with the Brahman

In the vast vast ocean of endless water huge waves of infinite number rise and fall. In the same way, from you the endless Chit, innumerable worlds rise and fall. When you kick off the idea of the world and take refuge in the Chit, what happens to the vasanas etc? They perish themselves. When the Jiva and the world are nothing but creations of the mind, are not the rest the same? You are the splendid ocean of Chidatma with innumerable high and deep waves, Rama when waves cease, you will be as calm as the sky. The heat from fire, the fragrance from the lotus, the blackness from the eye-paint, the whiteness from the snow, sweetness from the sugarcandy, and light from lustre, waves from water can not be separated, are not different. Thus, the world is not different from the nature of Chit, Experience is not different from chitta, the mind; it is not different from aham 'I'; the jiva is not different from *math* mine. Mind is not different from jiva; the senses are not different from the mind; the body is not different from the senses; the world is not different from the body; the body is not different from the world. The wheel thus turns round and round from times immemorial. But in reality, in the opinion of the knower of Self, all this is false. The wheel does not turn at all, slow or fast, now or never. To the man of endless realisation, the Brahman like the sky vast appears and nothing else, the small or the big appears. Then the vacuum in the vacuum, the Brahman in the Brahman, Truth in Truth, Ful'ness in the Fullness appear. The knower of self

though engages in actions, as he is of no mind for it, no interest in it, he does not do: he does not enjoy: he is the doer as well as the non-doer. Actions done with interest and attachment are responsible for joys and sorrows. In the absence of interest or attachment, there are no actions, no joys or sorrows, there is no doer-ship. The endless sky is subject to varied words and words-affairs, thus the Brahman or the Atman is called the world. One whose inner mind is as pure as the sky, one who follows the principles of good behaviour and purity inner and outer, one who remains unrelated and unperturbed in joys and woes like the log of wood or the big piece of stone one who respects even his enemy who comes to kill him with good affection, he alone is fit to see the Self. Just as the flow of the stream uproots the tree on the shore, one who uproots the good nature as well as evil-nature, malice etc, is above the pairs of affection and anger. Those who do not become above attachment and rage by destroying them both, can not be called virtuous though they are virtuous and they should not be served though they are said to be served. One who is devoid of egoism and whose mind is desireless and non attached, though he is the murderer of the world is no murderer at all. Maya or illusion is that which creates stability to the instable, existence that is non-existent and reality which is unreal. This maya or illusion is destroyed by parijnana, the knowledge of reality. It is he who is the knower and whose mind has no vicissitudes, in whose heart the vasanas become extinct and peace prevails like the wick of the lamp devoid of oil, who attains the Atman as easily as the king in the painting conquers the painted army. He to whom all the multitude of the things of the world are things never to be coveted but ever to be shunned, to whom all the stages of life happy and unhappy, joyful and sorrowful and prosperous or otherwise are things to be shunned, is the real Jivanmukta (1-22)

4. Chittabhavaprati-padana, the state of mind of Rama

“ Rama, mind, intellect, ego and the senses can not exist anywhere but in the power of Chinmatra. The Self alone being the all-form appears in these varied forms, just as the eye-disease makes the reflections of the mirror or the Moon appear in ever different ways. With the disappearance of thick darkness, its blinding nature also disappears. In the same-way, with the disappearance of the strong desire for sense - pleasures, as poisonous as any thing, the mind becomes devoid of ignorance and illusion. Just as the snow disappears in the sarat season, with the spell of the spiritual science (adhyatamasastramantra) the dangerous poisonous disease of avarice disappears, with the disappearance of the clouds in the sky, without any obstacles, jadyam, inanimations disappear. Thus, with the destruction of mourkhyia, ignorance, the mind with its kith and kin (vasanas) gets destroyed. If the thread of the garland is cut off, the pearls fall pellmell; thus, if the mind is destroyed, the vasanas attached to it get destroyed. Without knowing this secret of the sastras, missing the main essence of the sastra: behaving otherwise is having the nature of mean creatures and worms. Just as the waters of the lake become calm with the cessation of the wind with the cessation of ignorance, the mind becomes calm shunning even the fair-faced young ladies with lotus-petallike eyes, without any vascillation or fascination. The wind becomes stable in the very wide sky. Thus, you are steady and stable hearing my words of wisdom, leaving aside likes and dislikes. Just as the prince sleeping in the harem happy wakes up with the blowing of trumpets, you woke up from your slumber of ignorance hearing my thundering words of wisdom. Even ordinary people become enlightened by the words of the family-teacher; what wonder is there that you are enlightened by my words? The very dry land can take in much water; thus by dispassion you have great longing for my words; so, you are very well able to imbibe the spirit of my teaching. We are the great family-priests of the Ikshwakus; as such my words

auspicious are worthy of emulation by you. Like a garland of precious gems, wear the garland of the words of enlightenment. (1-13)

5. Raghavavisranti varnana, Rama's State of Peace

Sri Rama:- "Revered Sir, by pondering over your great words of unqualified infinite wisdom, I attained the real state of the Chit, Chitta; the series of worlds, though before my very forefront receded into the background and got annihilated. Just as the land becomes dead - dry by the absence of rainfall, but becomes invigorated by the fall of heavy rains, my mind drenched by the nectar of your glorious words enjoys infinite bliss absolute. Just as the lake appears very peaceful with the exit of the wild elephant from it, I now enjoy eternal bliss absolute, with all tranquillity tremendous. With the disappearance of the fog or mist every thing appears very clear, I see the Brahman as all in all every thing is calm: the quarters are serene. All doubts are cleared off: all the mirages of desires disappeared: the snow of attachment melted away; I am content with the forest of the Sarat. Even the contentment got by drinking the nectar is quite inferior to the unlimited joy I now enjoy. I am now in Prakrit my true nature. I am still; I am happy ; I am lokarama; I am rama (the enjoyer, enjoyment, enjoying world) enjoyer of the Self. I salute myself; I salute you, myself. Just as with the rise of the Sun, the ghosts disappear, all my doubts and fears vanished by the knowledge of the Self. Like the lake in the sarat, my heart became pure, peaceful, cool and calm. The mind attained its nirvriti, emancipation. As the darknesses disappear with the rise of the Moon, my doubts as to how the Atman became impure and wherefrom the impurity came etc disappeared. All, always, by all means are the Atman; then where is the scope for false creations like this is different from that? I now with mind-lotus fully blossomed smile at my previous state, crushed by the avarice-machine. I had a happy bath

in the river of the nectar of your sweet words and realised the idea that I am all in full. I ascended to the land of the Brahman, where there is no place for the light of the Sun who is far far away from as the nether world. I got rid of the vast ocean of bhavabhavabhava, the world of likes and dislikes and established myself in the Supreme Spirit; I deserve the salutations of all; I Salute my Self. Oh Lord, your potent words entered the interior of my mind-lotus and gave me the glory of experience. By it, I became sorrowless and attained the state of everblessedness and everjoyfulness. (1-16)

6. Mohamaahatmya, Strong passion's unruly might

Sri Vasishtha : - "Rama, hear me further for your benefit, satisfaction and glory. Though difference you are devoid of, these my words will enhance your understanding and even the dull will be benefited. The senses of the ignorant who thinks the body as the soul are angry upon him and they insult him, irritated. The senses will not only not trouble the realised soul but will be friendly with him and treat him with due respect. One who has no likes or dislikes has no scope to be born again with the body. The Atman and the body are quite unrelated; the body and the Atman are thus unrelated. Like darkness and light both are quite opposite to each other. The Atman is ever rid of all the vikaras, vicissitudes; it is never connected with any thing; it has no rise or set; it is ever effulgent. Let the body stone, inanimate, ignorant, mean, destructible and ungrateful receive the treatment it deserves. How can this inanimate body acquire the ever pure Consciousness? With the pondering over of the Chit, the inanimation runs away. Though the day-to-day affairs are being run by both, in reality both are of different qualities; both are quite opposite things. The too subtle Atman and the too stout body can never merge with each other; how can they become one? Day and night, knowledge and ignorance and the shadow and sunshine can not exist together; if one is

present the other can not be. The Brahman, the absolute Reality can never be the inanimate body; the all-spreading Atman has nothing to do with the body; though to the ignorant this is absurd. Just as the lotus has nothing to do with the water, the Atman has nothing to do with the body. By being in the body, the Atman is unaffected. The blow of the wind and its results have no affect on the sky, the qualities of the body births and deaths, likes and dislikes, joys and sorrows can not effect the Atman. Having the body, thinking that the births etc are the waves in the ocean of the Brahman, be happy and joyous. They are created in the Atman itself. Even if the body is tortured, the Atman will have no effect by it; if the waters of the lake are much confused, the water-reflected Sun or the Moon is never confused. The real knower of the Self knows the truth of all things. By the clear analysis and understanding of the body and the soul, the illusion of ignorance pertaining to the body Vanishes. Absence of power is powerlessness; absence of light is darkness; lack of knowledge of the body is the cause for its woes and worries. Those who are devoid of true knowledge will face the dangers of illusion and attachment. They roam here and there aimlessly like brutes while their senses automatically act due to their inherent power, as the bamboos in the forest while the wind blows into them make sounds, by the power of their life-breath. Their power of their limbs struck by the waves of s bda, sparsa, roopa etc, disappeared while they were immersed in it. It is due to their ignorance that they drown themselves in the flow of the sea of the future dangers; they cross it over by the Chit. Not doing it, they become too mean; they are the living dead. Their movements are good for nothing; their roarings are the same as the sound of the cruel, foolish bow-strings: Life is the knowledge of the Self: Death is its giving it up. Just as the vicious forest-fruits cause death, the enjoyment of the fruit without Self-knowledge is hell.

To take rest in ignorance is to sit on the greatly heated stone; the association of the ignorant is to sit on the dried up tree in the forest. To help the ignorant is to strike the sky with pads; to give any thing to him is to throw it in the mud. To talk to him is to bark with the dog. Ignorance is the source of all dangers; there is no danger that is not caused by it. The arrogance of the ignorant is the cause of the birth of the samsara tree with many branches. The chains of joys and sorrows bind him tight with all cruelty and drench him in the strong belief of the great protection of his body, riches, monies etc. One who treats the body, the non-self as the Self is the worst fool; there will be no end of sorrow to such a fool. Leaving the Self, relying on the non-self, the fool becomes blind. Who can make him get easily rid of illusion and ignorance? The blind always remain falling and falling due to the non-seeing of the Atman and seeing the Anatman, the fool gets poison from the Moon instead of nectar and fowl smell from the flower instead of fine fragrance. He gets the thorns of sorrows instead of green grass on the pasture. From the body-tree, the *vasana* serpents rise and bind his mind-elephant. While fine variety of paddy grows in the well-tilled land, desires grow up as weeds in the untilled heart - land of the ignorant man. The hell which is protected by the snakes of sins awaits him just as the peacocks await the clouds. It is only for the fool that the poisonous lady - creeper with the black-bees of waving eyes and the lip-sprout grows and spreads. In the heart of the ignorant fellow there is a bad tree called attachment with pale leaves cool shadows, with smoke of exhaling breaths the teeth-weapons cutting into pieces, the wildfire of enmity, In the malice-full mind of the fool there is a mean lotus called blaming others, in it the black-bee, worry and woe lives; with flames of sin got in every previous birth the wildfire of death burns the body and gives birth again and again. The ignorant fool catching the ropes of samsara goes up and down; is born again and again attaining

boyhood, youth, old age etc; he drowns himself comes up, goes down like a tumbler in water. The wretched world to the wise knower is like the foot of the cow too easy to cross over. To the unwise and the ignorant who are interested only in filling up the belly, the world is endless. Like the birds in the cage, the ignorant are unable to move with their minds attached to the external things crushed with the weight of vasanas and unable to escape from the birth and death machine. Just as the huntsman keeps meat etc to attract birds and beasts, which they easily fall in them the sense-pleasures are there to attract the ignorant. They immerse themselves in them. Like the kalpavriksha the wretched world shows innumerable things of false enjoyment; from this the world sprouts come, grow and perish. In this wonderful creation of the world-forest there are varied desires of varied bird-pleasures of the flesh. Births are leaves; innumerable actions (karmas) are their buds; good and bad are the fruits; pleasures are their bunches of flowers drawing their sustenance from the moon of ignorance, the women-creepers shine. To the moon of ignorance, the women creepers shine. To the Moon of ignorance, birth and growth of lady - medicinal plants are the strength. Thus, the forest of samsara attains glory; the darkness of ignorance shines with the arts of innumerable births. Just as the Sun sets, darkness prevails and the moon appears, in the absence of knowledge' in the presence of indiscretion, ignorance dominates like the moon in the vacuum. Just as the moon is the lord of the night, ignorance is of defects., ignorance is the cause of, the defects. The ignorance-Moon's Vasana-nectar, is drunk by the desires-chakora birds awfully. Like the Moonstone, the mind of the idiot is melted completely. The damsels with their swan-like walks appear to the fools as fine swans, making one to believe that all the quarters are full with lilies and their eyes the fickle black-bees. Their very touch appears to be very happy forever; their headhair distributes darkness all along; their white lips move; they march like white clouds. All

this is the play of the darkness of ignorance. Appearing as sweet in the beginning but dangerous at the end, full of defects, having the beginning and the end, destruction etc are the branches of the tree of ignorance; they bear the fruits of the different worlds. So, cut to to the root this tree of ignorance, (1-61)

7. The Greatness of ignorance

Wearing the necklaces of pearls and ornaments of gems and shining with beauty, the young ladies are the waves of the milky ocean of love and lust in the moonshine of pride. Their looks drifting from their beautiful cheeks appear like the fickle black-bees roaming in the golden lotus-petals. The lovely ladies in parks and pleasure-gardens make men mad and appear as the confidential servant-maids carrying the orders of Cupid. Their bodies now compared to the moon, sandals and lotuses will be food for dogs and falcons after their death. The smell of their bulky breasts, now compared to the golden jars, buds of blooming lotuses and the matulunga fruits, is the smell of putrified blood. The lips the meat-bloody pieces and the dirty water that flows out of it are compared to ambrosia, grand beer, the cool nectar emanating from the disc of the full moon. The hands and shoulders of ladies are made up of strong and sturdy bones with joints but the poets describe them as beautiful creepers etc. Their thighs, compared to the trunks of plantain-trees are the pillars of the house of Cupid, which is decorated in front with the auspicious breasts-adoration. A bit sweet in the beginning, in the middle the giver of pairs of opposites and vanishes in the end, even that fickle Lakshmi is desired. The mind is sorrow-stricken; happiness with hundred branches and sorrows with as many branches if not more with the consequent fruits appear. The actions with desires are ready to bind with the ropes of creepers in the form of benefits and throw in the forest of illusion. The mist of illusion, dark as night like the river Yamuna in the rainy season always throws one

into action; good and bad; Yama, the conferrer of joys and sorrows and the expert in doing so makes the sweet things sour. He increases in every birth attachment, which like poison works havoc. The winds of actions, that throw down the dried up leaves of age old men, blow up the dust of sins that blind the eyes of discrimination. The Time-God becoming thick-skinned by wicked deeds eating belly-full the ripe fruits of the world is not satisfied even after long periods of time(Kalpas). The ignorant serpents breathing in, the wind of moha, giving a bit of coolness of the Brahman, devoid of the three kinds of heat (taapa) leaving the body-skin go in crooked ways (innumerable births). The youth-night, without the moonshine of discrimination and dispassion, troubled by the blows of the devil, cares and anxieties, like the dark night passes on vainly. Just as the lotus-thread is destroyed by the fog, the tongue is destroyed by the fever of consoling the ignorant and idiotic men. The salmali tree of poverty with the joints of sorrows and worries and the thorns of troubles is growing and spreading by leaps and bounds. Empty inside, height destroyed, the mind-house has in the thickest night the owl of avarice roaming ever. The old old age - cat catching hold of the youth-rat by its ears cuts into pieces and eats. Like the foam in water, having no essence inside, the creation is growing enormously like high mountains. White as the flower of aabhaasa, the giver of the sprouts of the worlds and the just and unjust fruit-yielding the creeper of satta has blossomed. The three world-house is touching the sky and covering it, the mountain of the Gods, the Meru protects it as a pillar; it has two windows shedding light, the Sun and the Moon. In the wide wide lake of samsara the life-wind-black-bees, the ehit-nectar of the fully blossomed body-lotuses is being drunk. In the black sky, resembling artificial earth, there is the Sun-lamp illuminating the entire earth. The dilapidated world-bird, bound strongly by the threads

of desires is in the sense-cage made up of the vasana-metal. The ever-falling jivas in the samsara move about by the life-wind. For a few days over-proud of their greatness, forgetting the real form of the Atman, men and women fall down to the depths of samsara full of body-mud, bad blood, foul meat and weak bones, In the lake of the path to heaven, in the filth of the blackness of the sky, there live the sarasa-bird - gods tasting a bit of the nectar flowing out from the Moon. The lotus of worldliness (pravritti) dirty with the black-bees of the fruits of desires, with the sprouts of vasanas, emitting the smell of going to and returning from the other worlds fully blossoms. Living in the pond-waters of samsara, the mean fish called creation is taken away unawares by the old falcon called kritanta, the destroyer. Like the garland of foam from the waves, the peculiar creation is very short-lived; peculiarly it is growing day by day like the Moon in the first half of the month. The time-potter preparing the pots of the jivas of very short longevity is turning the wheel of creation. The innumerable-world forests born ever since the kalpa - creation in the immovable firm place have become food for the fire of the yugas. The state of this world, will be changing and changing with likes and dislikes and heaps of joys and sorrows without break. The Yugas becoming ever perplexed, creating the pits of different vasanas are turning round and round, passing on and on but the minds of the fools will not change, even at the fall of thunders. Even the body of Indra, who tears to pieces his enemies in many ways and who is praised by the great is full of vasanas. Raising always the dust of creation, the wind of Niyati, the divine ordination enters the mouth of the Time- serpent. All things appear as the foam of the ocean of things and fall in the ocean fire badaba of abhava, nothingness, or destruction. The peculiar powers of things' sudden, strange, only natural appear as the waves of the ocean, Kritanta, the destroyer, like a furious lion tears to pieces the heads of worlds- elephants full with the pearls

of living-beings, The world-birds with the cloud-wings eating the fruits of the seven mountains and searching for the fruits of vasanas, are born, live for a while and then are dead and gone. The creator-painter in the painting of the minds of jivas with the five colours of five senses is creating the pictures of samsara. Always speedy, causing innumerable changes, having many limbs like the second, minute etc, having many sprouts somehow got from asat, subtle and the cause for its big form, searching for the method in time, the immovables live. The movables are destroyed by the pairs of opposites and the cycle of births and deaths. Even the worms and insects undergo great agony by thinking of their past sins and good deeds' The all-devouring Time-God living in an unseen hole, is happily devouring the movable as well as the immovable creatures, in a moment. Unseen by time for a while, hiding its body in the earth, bearing chillness and heat, the immovables give good fruits. The jiva-black-bees resting in the three-world lotuses make ghum ghum sounds. Kaali, the gooddess, the consort of Kaala, catching the beggar's bowl in her hand, of the universe wants again and again alms, in spite of giving sumptuously already. She remains in the three worlds with the hair-tie of darkness, the fickle eyes of the Sun and the Moon the pure Consciousness of the Trinity of God, the chariot of Earth and Mountain, the waist-ornament of Reality, the cloud-breasts, the power of Chit, the small and the big, the teeth of the stars, the lip of the evening red-dawn, the lotus-hands, the crest jewel Vaijayanta face, the pearl-necklaces of the seven seas and the hair of forests. She comes and goes. She is coming out of the great ocean of time again and again. In the great unfathomable depths of the ocean of time, the great bubble the Brahmanda goes up in a kalpa-minute. The creators of the universes rise up in a moment and disappear like the saarasa birds. In the clouds of time the lightnings of creations appear and disappear. In the clouds of Time, the forests of the light of Chit rise up. The

disillusioned birds the beings falling, on the palmyra trees-the fruits the Brahmanda creations, fall down. The many creations of gods, leaders of gods etc fall down in a moment. Innumerable kalpas, innumerable divinities appear and disappear in a moment. The great trio, Brahma, Vishnu and Maheswara also vanish in no time. In the vacuum Brahmapada, nothing is impossible. All these creations pertaining to the world are the results of ignorance. The riches, the troubles, woes and worries, boyhood, youth, old age, death the tapatrayas, the upatapaas, immersion in sorrows are all due to utter odd ignorance only'(1-67)

8. The glory of the creeper of ignorance

I will now describe how the creeper of avidya appeared, spread and blossomed by the side of the mountain of Chit. With the physical body of the three worlds, with the great joints of mountains, with the skin or bark of the Brahmanda and the leaves of the jivas of the three worlds, it blossomed. The fruits and roots of this creeper growing day by day are joys and sorrows, births and deaths and ignorance and knowledge. Even in joys and happiness, there arises avidya, which causes desires for more and more of them. In sorrows, it goads one to perform unjust acts and reap sorrow after sorrow. The moment one thinks that 'there is', it is born and it gives solid fruits. By the idea that 'there is', it becomes strong and yields the fruits of things quickly. The creeper of ignorance is born of ignorance and gives more and more of ignorance, But by knowledge it is destroyed. It grows with different false creations, the smell of vasanas and thick leaves of attachment and bodily affection. It shines with the flowers of days, the black-bees of nights and the ever falling leaves of jivas, turning non-stop with vasanas. A leaf turning round and round may fall before the elephant of discrimination which though raises it from the tree of sense - pleasures, it falls again and reaches the tree of senses. The creeper of ignorance has innumerable

browsing sprouts like friends etc smiling leaves like children etc glossoming flowers like seasons iaccreasing juices like-sentiments twi-sung serpents like sorrows and diseases, full with joints of births and deaths that cut into pieces by force and full with the juice of enjoyments and sufferings. It is destroyed only by vichara, self-enquiry. In this creeper of ignorance, every day, the Sun and the Moon at the place called the sky, the planets like flowers, move about as if driven by wind. The stars filling the sky are apparently the buds of flowers in groups. The bright shining of the Sun and the Moon is the flower-dust. The creeper with all these looks like a beautiful lady attracts the attention of people and makes them love-lorn. At the top of this creeper shaken by the mad elephant-like mind, the koel of samkalpa makes sweet sounds that pervade and convert the mind love - intoxicated. The four sides of it, the sense-serpents occupy. The bark or skin of avarice is seen quite visibly. The creeper grows up having as its prop the blue sky. It stands on the pillars of the ether and the earth. Thus, this is the ornament adorning the garden of the world. The depths of the Seven oceans are its water-furrows. Made wet by the waters of the milky oceans its downward branches even go to the nether world. Those who perform actions to get their desires fulfilled are the black-bees, turning round and round the fair female-flowers as it is the prop for them. Moving with the vascillating minds of the love-lorn, this is attacked by men, immersed in the worldly pleasures. Though this is full with evil actions resembling serpents, this is fascinating with the flowers of heavenly pleasures. Though this is full with the holes of evil designs of the living jivas, it gives to fools the intoxication of joy. But in the view of men of discrimination, this very creeper of ignorance is full with flowers varied, called the beauties of tranquillity that lead to salvation. It gives the fruits of salvation with the rain of the joy of the realisation of the Atman. Around this, there are seen various kinds of sou-

rees, birds, flower-dust and the fencing of mountains. This is carved in the pages of varied arts; this is covered by the forests of varied angles of vision, darsanas; this is on the ascendancy of mountain top of the many leaving the leaves of difference. Being born, appearing as being born, it dies; it appears to die, it is half-torn as well as untorn; it is never torn. It disappears some times and appears again at once it pretends disappearance though appearing it always sprouts and always withers. If it is touched unaware^s, it makes one fall down unconscious in samsara; if it is touched with discrimination, it gets itself destroyed. If it is touched with a pure heart, it becomes one with it. But it creates differences being in the minds of the ignorant like 'this is water, here are mountains, serpents, gods; this is the moon with the stars; this is the Sun getting up; this is darkness; that is light; this is the sky; this is the earth; this is the sastra; this is the Veda; this is devoid of both; this is the flying bird; this is the log of wood; that is the air, this is hell; that is heaven; this is god; this is the fly, this is the Trinity of God; this is the Sun; these are Fire and Wind-Gods; this is the Moon; this is Yama etc' From the lowest dry-grass-piece to the highest power, the seen world including Hara is nothing but ignorance, which must be destroyed mentally; then only one attains salvation, the Gain of Self"(1-32)

9. The Rejections of Avidya, ignorance.

Sri Rama :- "Revered Sir, I am extremely puzzled and wonder-struck to hear from you that even the sattwik forms of Hari and Hara also are of avidya, ignorance. Kindly elucidate.

Sri Vasishtha :- "Rama, before the creation of the worlds, there was the only Sat, Chit and Ananda untouched by anything but all calm, being in all beings. But at the time just as the waves rise out of the ocean, the great expanse of water, from this rise the rays, a bit different from each other capable of creating the world. The rays are thought of as the subtle, the sturd-

and the mid-way just as the Sunshine is thought of as cool sun shine, hot sunshine and shadow. The mind is the first state the second is the Hiranyagarbha state and the third is the Virat state. Thus Prakrit is apparent in three ways, the sattwa, rajas and tamas. Understand that avidya is Prakriti with the qualities of the three gunas. This is the world of the jivas; towards its end is the highest state of the Self. The three gunas are again subdivided into three each. Thus avidya, ignorance is of nine kinds; it is the prop of the drisyaprapancha, the world that is visible to the naked eye. The Rishis, the Munis, the Siddhas, the Nagas, the Vidyadharas, the Suras--these are the Sattwik part of avidya, ignorance. Of them, the Vidyadharas belong to tamas, the Munis and Siddhas to rajas and the gods like Hara etc to sattwa. The ignorance of the gods is devoid of the qualities of Prakriti; hence they shine resplendent in pure sattwapada. Those who worship the Trinity of God will conquer birth and death and hence they are called men of salvation. Rudra and others are ever liberated; they last as long as the world lasts. With bodies, they are jivanmuktas, without bodies they are videhamuktas and of the nature of the Pure Consciousness. Though this part is of avidya, it leads to vidya just as the seed becomes the fruit and the fruit again the seed, Avidya is born of vidya just as bubbles are born of water. Just as the bubbles liquidate in water, avidya liquidates in vidya. The difference between vidya and avidya is created as the bubbles from water. Just as there is no difference at all between water and bubbles, there is no difference between vidya and avidya in the highest view. What remains above both vidya and avidya is the real residue; it is beyond knowledge and ignorance. It is beyond expression in words. There is no word synonym to it, sign or abbreviation to it. There is neither Jnana and ajnana, vidya or avidya. Be established yourself in that which is beyond creation or imagination. In reality there is nothing; that which is has its prop in the Chit. It is full of upadhi; it is not evident as

ordinary things; but by its falseness, all things are known, Hence avidya is called sat sometimes, The sat-called avidya is destroyed by vidya; hence it is false. In reality, as shadow and sunshine, if the creation of avidya disappears, dualism also disappears. With the disappearance of avidya vidya also disappears; then remains the unattainable, devoid of upadhi, and the form of all Bliss. That is the real form of Paramartha; to see it is to see every thing; nothing else remains. Just as in the seed, the power of sprouting, flowering and fruiting lies dormant, in avidya lie dormant innumerable powers; it is the box of all powers; if vidya is realised this also disappears. This is by far a greater vacuum than the sky; but this is not an all-vacuum; it is full of Chit; it does not mean that it is with upadhi. Just as from the sunshine-gem there is fire and ghee in milk, from it emerge time, place and reason, like sparks from fire and light from the Sun emerge. Just as waves rise from the ocean, bright light from the gem comes out the rays of knowledge rise from it and spread to all quarters. Just as the store-house is the place of all things, this is the cause for all sorts of illusions and delusions. But the world is not different from the Brahman. In the interior and the exterior, on all sides there is the Brahman; nothing else is. The indestructible Brahman is devoid of the three kinds of division. If the sky in the pot moves, the sky is supposed to move. If the gem moves, the magnet is supposed to be the subject or the cause; subjectivity is attributed to objective Brahman. Just as all the iron articles move with the proximity of the magnet, all the bodies though inanimate move with the proximity of the Brahman. The world that is created by samvit is in the only seed, the Chit, the innumerable moving waves are not different from water, the peculiar forms of water. Really, the Brahman is more formless than the sky; there is nothing else in that vacuum of forms and formlessness than the Brahman itself. (1-33)

10. The Cure for the Disease Avidya

Therefore, Rama, the animate and inanimate world, the world

world wearing the form of all beings is-non-existent. There is no creation of births and deaths at all. There is then no idea of Jiva etc. It is all false. What is it that you want? The subject of the external enjoyments, appearing as aham of the body, is like the serpent in the rope, not real. If the Atman is not realised, all is illusion, if there is realisation, every thing is the Atman. This is the end and aim of all kinds of knowledge. The Pure consciousness, influenced by its own power, contaminated by the seed of impurity is called avidya, ignorance. If this is got over, what remains is the real Atman, devoid of all forms. All illusion or delusion is due to the mind, if this is destroyed, the illusion also is destroyed. If there is the pot, the pot-sky is inevitable. Just as the child thinks that it goes when carried by someone and sits when it is made to sit: the deluded mind creates the false things in the Atman and disturbs it. The spider binding itself by means of its web around itself does not know that it is bound by its own action; so also, the deluded mind does not know that it is bound by itself.

Sri Rama : - Revered Sir, reaching the apex of foolishness the inanimate objects live as if they are the personification of a solid ignorance. What do you say about them?

Sri Vasishta : - " Rama, unable to attain non-mindedness having fallen from the position of the mind, standing as neutral, the inanimate Consciousness lives mute and ignorant. They the inanimate beings are far far away from salvation; all the senses here are asleep; this is the worst state of ignorance as it has no power to undo the woes. As the 'puryashtaka' is absent, these inanimate beings are mute, blind and deaf apparently.

Sri Rama : - Sir if the objects are devoid of puryashtaka, it is the state of a Yogi, who surely attains salvation. You say that they are far far away from salvation. How?

Sri Vasishtha :- “ Rama, that state is the state of salvation in which the mind by discrimination, self-effort and self-enquiry, destroys itself in the fire of knowledge and attain salvation. But the inanimate beings having no discrimination, realisation due to their past great sins, can not at all attain salvation. The best state is the state of the highest realisation of the greatest Self by giving up all vasanas. Approaching the realised souls, discussing with them and with the co-students of Philosophy, understanding the sastras with the bent of mind of spirituality, one attains the highest salvation. As the plant is in the seed, the vasanas are dormant in the mind; that state is the deep sleep state, which gives birth again. Thus even the inanimate objects have re-births. With the sleeping vasanas, without the qualities of the mind and with the qualities of inanimation, these beings cause innumerable birth-pangs. They all again get the qualities of sound sleep state and though they are liable for salvation they are to be born again. As flowers etc from the seed, pot from the earth are dormant in them they possess vasanas in them. If the seeds of vasanas are asleep, they are not conducive to salvation if the vasanas are not seeds, if they are fully destroyed, that state is Tureeya, leading to salvation. Vasana, fire, debt, disease, enemy, attachment, poison, and enmity-even a very small residue of them will cause immense harm. One, who completely destroys the seeds of vasanas and who attains the state of pure Consciousness will never experience sorrows dead or alive. The power of Chit, with the juice of re-birth, with the seeds of vasanas undestroyed sleeps in the inanimate objects. The vasana-seed power covered with the form of Chit remains with the seed to sprout when earth and water are available. The power of Chit remains in the inanimate things as inanimate, creating the idea of money, gem etc in the substances, liable to touch, as hardness in others, in the ashes and particles of dust as wood, clot of earth in the form of destruction in their previous shapes, in the black things like the sword etc as the shining sharpened edges and in pot and

cloth as the capacity to bring water and to prevent cold etc respectively. The formless Rainy Season appears in the form of clouds thick and full with water; thus the power of Chit, Pure Consciousness appears as pot and cloth i. e. as drisya, the world. The nature of the power of Chit, covered with the avidya, ignorance is thus rightly analysed and appears stated, See how this false thing spread everywhere and appears as real to the deluded mind. If one does not look at it as Self, it causes the illusion of the samsara; if it is seen with the view of Self, all sorrows vanish. It is called avidya, ignorance as it creates the false cover to the real Self. Avidya is the real cause of the world the drisya; from it all other things come into existence. The formless avidya vanishes when it is viewed with knowledge just as the snow-particles vanish with the sunshine. Just as sleep will vanish with redoubled activities, avidya vanishes with discrimination and definite conclusion that it is false. Just as darkness vanishes with light with a bright lantern in hand when one goes in search of darkness it all vanishes, Just as ghee vanishes when fire comes near it. It is impossible to find out the form of darkness with the help of the light in hand? the light is called the destroyer of darkness. Avidya runs away the moment one begins to enquire about it with vidya. If it is a bit enquired into, a bit of avidya goes if it is fully enquired into it disappears in toto. It appears only when it is not enquired into. With the help of bright light, darkness will be known as false; with the help of great knowledge avidya is known as false. In the absence of enquiry and knowledge, it appears as before; by enquiry and knowledge make it non-existent, The body is the machine of blood, meat and bones, In it who am I? This enquiry leads to the destruction of all avidya- The destruction of avidya is the state of destroying the beginning and the end; Chidatma alone remains. This is destroying avidya. After it,

what remains is the eternal, the absolutely real Brahman, which is sought after by the wise and which alone destroys avidya in toto. As it has no form or shape, it is only known by itself, not expressed. The taste of the sweet is to be experienced only by the tongue but can not be expressed in words. Really, avidya is non-existent; all that is existent is the indivisible Brahman. From it alone emerge the ideas of sat or asat. 'All this is not the Brahman'- this is avidya. 'All this is the Brahman' This is vidya- To think of ghata, pata, sakata etc as not the Brahman is avidya, to think of ghata, pata, sakata etc as the Brahman is Vidya. (1-45)

11. How to determine a Jivanmukta ?

Rama, to enable you to understand aright I say the same thing again and again. Without constant practice, the Atman can not be realised, because the avidya, utter ignorance has been there of innumerable births like a solid rock growing stronger and stronger. It consolidated itself with the experience of the outer as well as the inner senses in all states and became very influential. But Vidya, the knowledge of the Self shines resplendent unseen by the senses, extinguishing the mind and remaining as the original true form of pure Consciousness. Being beyond the senses and the perceptions of the activities of them, it can not be seen by the human beings. Cut into pieces with the practice of knowledge as the sword the creeper of ignorance that strongly intertwined itself with the heart-tree. Take as model the path tread by Janaka, the king of Mithila, Though the doer of actions, becoming the non-doer in mind, though he was in the waking state he got this knowledge by his constant practice of Self-knowledge. With this firm knowledge of the Self, Hari undergoing innumerable birth-pangs, performing infinite deeds remained free from attachment. Let this firm knowledge of the Self of Siva with Parvati. Brahma with Saraswati quite non-attached be yours by practice. The definite and determined knowledge of the Self attained by Brihaspati, the teacher of gods, Sukra, the teacher of the demons

the Sun, the Moon, the Fire, the Wind, Narada, Pulastya, Angiras. Prachetasa. Bhrigu, Kratu, Atri, Suka etc, myself and the other Jivanmuktas among the Brahmins and the Kshatrias must be yours by practice.

Rama :- "Revered Sir, kindly tell me with what, definite and determined knowledge of the Self, the above great men, you now quoted, attained the highest state of Bliss.

Vasishta :- Rama, hear attentively. All the worlds seen by the naked eye, the drisyaprapanchas are nothing but utter illusion; if you overcome it, you will find every thing as the form of the holy Brahman, the only real and the endless. The Chit, pure consciousness, is the Brahman; the world is the Brahman; the beings in the worlds are the Brahman; I am the Brahman; my enemy too is the Brahman; so are my friends and relatives; the past, the present, the future are the Brahman; they are in the Brahman; just as waves in the ocean rise and spread, they arise in the Brahman and spread in it, The Brahman shines resplendent creating infinite objects; the Brahman is realised by the Brahman; the Brahman is being enjoyed by the Brahman. The Brahman in itself by its own power of illusion creates waves of changes; even my deadliest enemies also are the Brahman. May I not do injustice or cause offence to the Brahman. None can harm one who is immersed in the Brahman, So, there is no place at all for the states created, like the tree created in the sky. To those whose samkalpas are destroyed in toto, there is no question of their arising again, The movements of limbs, the causes for coming and going are in the Brahman itself full everywhere ever and anon, Then, where, with whom are the attachments etc? Everywhere the Brahman reigns supreme, where are joys and sorrows? The Brahman is pleased with the Brahman and remains itself in the Brahman. The Brahman shines in the Brahman; I am not different. from the Brahman; I, all this and every thing are the

Brahman The very creation of attachment and detachment are wrong. The death-Brahman is entering the body-Brahman at its own free will. What is there to feel sorry for? or dread for? The idea of sorrow is as good as the idea of serpent in the rope, an illusion. The joy of coation is derived from the body Brahman in the Brahman. So, 'I did it' 'I enjoyed the coation' this kind of thinking is false and useless. The movement of the waves is the movement of the water; if the waters do not move, there are no waves; if the Brahman in the form of the movement is non-existent, the joys and sorrows would have been non-existent; it is the wave that liquidates in the water and nothing else. If the death-Brahman enters the body-Brahman nothing is dead or lost. The moving waters, giving up their moving nature remain still; so leaving aside the static nature, to live in the true original form of the Self is happening just as the ornament becoming gold and the wave becoming water. The idea opposite to this is maya, illusion, prakriti. It is this that causes the creations of jiva, jada ideas, their differences etc. Illusion and sorrow are for the ignorant, not to the wise; to the ignorant, the world is full of woe; to the wise it is full of joy. To the blind, the world is full of darkness; to the wise who think that the world is the Brahman it is a place of happiness and bliss. It is only the child that sees the ghost and is afraid of, not the elderly man. Thus, one who is in possession of knowledge will have no fears and sorrows. Nothing is dead, nothing is living. It is the play of the illusion. The wave-illusion in water is as good as the jiva illusion in the Atman. This is here; that is not there such illusions are created in the Brahman by the Brahman. The moon - stone reflects light and spreads with no reason whatsoever; in the same way, the power of the world is the reflection of the Brahman which shines within itself. The hardening of water is ice; if it melts it becomes water. The body arises from the Brahman; when it goes, the Brahman remains. If there is no water in the ocean, there are no waves. If there is no Brah-

-man, there would have been no bodies. The water-drops, the sprinkles of water, small ripples, the waves, the foam, streams are all water and join the water. In the same way, the body, the senses, the pleasures, the drisya, the sorrows, the ends of life etc come out of the Brahman and join the Brahman again. The existence of the world in the Brahman is as good as the existence of the ornaments in gold. This is the peculiarity. Dualism is false, created by fools. The mind, the intellect, the ego, the tanmatras, the senses etc are all Brahman; there is no variety or numerality of the Atman or the pairs of opposites. The sound made in a cave resounds echoes and causes the illusion of duality. Thus, 'this is my-self; this is my mind, this, that etc'....these adduce dualism in the one only Brahman. The unknown Brahman appears as having the jiva and the world idea i. e. the many, just as the one Atman, by itself, appearing as many in a dream, justifies it. The non-realisation of the Brahman, which is all-pervading is ignorance; the gold piece fallen in dirt is not realised as gold, it becomes dirt. It is only the ignorant that attain the ideas of ignorance; the wise realise it as the Brahman, the Self effulgent, the great Soul. Only the ignorant call it utter ignorance. The moment it is realised as the Brahman, it becomes the Brahman; the moment the gold is realised it becomes gold. As the Brahman is all-powerful. whatever it thinks of itself, it becomes that at once. As the Brahman is devoid of action, doership of action, the instrument. with no reason, no name and is the highest, it is called 'swayam Prabhu', the Self-Lord. The unrealised Brahman is ignorance; the realised is Knowledge, which destroys ignorance. If a relative is not realised as relative, he becomes an enemy; if he is realised, he will be the near relative. The idea of jiva and the idea of the world, if realised as false, the idea of the Brahman comes. Then, detachment for things of pleasure begins. with the realisation of the idea of dualism is impossible, the idea of the Brahman arises, with it great detachment begins. If the idea that I am not the body is firm. the false egoism disappears and absolute dispassion becomes

evident. 'I am the Brahman' idea makes one dissolve in himself. The whole then is established as the Brahman. Then there will be no 'I' 'You'. Then the world, the objects of the world all appear as the Brahman, the only Brahman. There will be no more sorrow, action, illusion etc. I am all-equal; I am all-happy; I am all-sorrow-ridden. I am the Brahman really; I am relieved of all creations I am sans disease; I am the ALL-Soul, I neither give up any thing nor accept any thing. The absolute Truth is that I am the Brahman. I am the blood; I am the flesh; I am the bones, I am the body I am the Chit, I am the Chetana I am the Brahman. This is true; I am the Heaven I am the sky with the Sun I am the earth. I am the form of the ghata, pata etc. I am the Brahman; this is true. I am the straw; I am the bush, the forests, the mountains, the seas, the beings. I am so, becoming one with the Brahman, I am the qualities of giving and taking, emptying and refilling and narrowing and broadening. Becoming one with the Chit. It is I that became the different forms, desiring the spread of creepers and bushes. So, every thing is dormant in the Chidatma, the Parabrahman of all-peace. In the Parabrahman every thing shines. It is everywhere, in every thing. One who comes to the final and firm conclusion that all is the One Soul, the highest Brahman is called by the names Chidatma, Brahman, Sat, Satya, Amrita and Jnana. He enjoys the Chit-Brahman, the all-spreading, the only Chit, devoid of the Chetya, the Pure, the teacher that teaches that the Self is in all beings, the all-peace, the real Truth. Again, he realises that he the Self is responsible to all the actions of the mind, the intellect and all the activities of the senses, devoid of differences, of equal lustre the root of all the causes of the world; I am the Brahman that shines bright in the silence of the saints; none can denounce my real form as I am the form of all experience: All the wheels of actions turn round on account of me. I am the Chid-Brahman, unattached and beyond all. The pure form of Peace is my real form; it is sound-sleep-like. Greater than the joy of all beings from the lowest to the highest Brahma, the joy of happy coaction with the most

beautiful young damsel and all other joys put together is not even a drop of the ocean of my joy, is my joy. All the joys of the world are only the insignificant particles of my Eternal Joy, Unlimited. I am the joy of that lover who finds his lady love most fascinating in the full-moon-shine; I am the joy of the objectless, the highest joy of the Chit. I am the joy of men on earth looking at the Full-Moon and the joy of the Full Moon. Just as the power of Chit, the Chid-Brahman is evident in the interior of the sky, the Brahman becomes evident in the face of one who does not feel joy or sorrow in happy and unhappy situations. I am the Eternal, the form of true experience, the Chid-Brahman, I am the power of Chit that makes the object at a distance visible. I am the power of action, combining the power of the five elements that result in innumerable other activities. I am the sweet power of Chit in the Kharjura etc. The power that experiences joys and sorrows, when it becomes devoid of joys and sorrows, gains and losses etc becomes the Brahman. I am that Chit-Brahman to whom joys and sorrows are equal. I am that serene, pure form of Chit that shines between the Sun and the earth accessible to the sight-thread, I am the Chid-Brahman ever immortal, the beginningless and endless tureeya form that shines in the three states of waking, sleeping and dreaming brilliant. I am the Chid-Brahman that shines in all men equally and in the same state, just as the sugar-cane grown in different fields possesses the same sweetness, I am pure and ever entering any and every place like the light of the rays of the Sun. The calm ever-shining form of my Chit is very great. The happiness of coaction, the joy of drinking the nectar are things of personal experience. Thus, the real form of my Chid-Brahman is endless and indestructible. It is known only by experience. Just as thin thread that unites the lotus-bead without appearing to others outside, spreading throughout the body invisible, but app-

ears when it is cut. I am the Chit in the body without appearing outside but appearing when the illusion of the body is cut off. Though enveloping the entire worlds, too subtle to move the group of clouds and very difficult to see is myself, the power of Chit. Known by experience, seen by the inner eye, being as ghee in milk I am the power of Chit shining as the dear and the greatly lovable nature. Just as the ghee in milk is ever present, the power of my Chit is ever present, never reduced. Just as the ornaments are nothing but gold, the mountains etc are nothing but myself in and out, ever and anon. I am the mirror, the fountain of all experiences, unattached with all-common-power. I am the form of pure Chit having no scope for lines of dirt. I worship the Chidatman, the cause of fruition of all samkalpas, the source of making resplendent all lustres, the end and aim of all desirable things, The prop of all senses, the beyond of all senses, devoid of slipping of the true form, I worship the Chidatman. Remaining in the form of sat, ghata, pata, tata and koopa, moving in the form of the four kinds of the jivas the egg-born, the sweat-born, the seed-born and the body-born, remaining as sleeping even in the waking state the Chidatman, I worship. I worship the Chidatman which is the heat in fire, coolness in the snow, sweetness in food, sharpness in the sword, the blackness in darkness, the whiteness in the moon. The light that lights in and out, remaining in itself, though very near appears to be far far away due to ignorance, that Chidatma we worship. We worship the Chidatma the sweet thing in sweet things, the sour thing in sour things and remain in all things. We worship the Chidatman that shines always in all things during all the three stages of waking, sleeping and dreaming as tureeya and beyond tureeya, as all-equal in all places. We worship the Chidatman, which is devoid of samkalpa, desireless, angerless, egoless and the all-absorbing. We worship the Chidatman, that is devoid of the desire for pleasure, effort, action etc, We worship it as no-part, non-egoistic, all-embracing, unattached and the only one

Swaroopa. I have become that Chidatman, reflecting in every thing and moving it, having the lineage of all realised souls, moving in the waking state and the dreaming state and becoming contracted in the sleeping state. I attained the state of Chidatma, spreading inwardly and outwardly the birds of worlds being in appearing as spreading a big nest, peculiar. Every thing is in it; also nothing is in it. I attained the state of Chidatman, which at the time of creation appears as sat, the creator of Sat, at the time of Delusion the form of asat withdrawing all powers; the only one Chit, most reliable and the prop of all joys and happiness. We worship the light of Chit that roams with infinite forms, being the prop of friendship, cool underneath, moving moved by the inanimate winds, immovable when they are absent like the wick-light of the lamp, being the support for love with no form, appearing to the ignorant as being hurt by the life-winds, but really to the knower of Self appearing as the form of realisation. The nectar called the Chidatman, shining secretly in the lotus of the heart-lake, very beautiful with the threads of hands and feet, water for the lotuses of the people, the Chidatma tattwa is. I attained that. This nectar of Chidatma, like the nectar of the yore was not born from the ocean of milk; no Moon was born when it was churned. None can steal this nectar. We worship such nectar of Truth as this. I attained the Chidatman, known only a bit by word, touch, form, taste and smell, quite calm when they are absent. I attained the Chidatman, quite plain as the sky, the pleaser of all the worlds and the sky but not the sky. I attained the Chidatman, the all-rich, the all-powerful but devoid of riches though the subject. never the subject. I am the form of all the worlds; all this is mine; but yet, I am devoid of egoism; hence I am not any thing. Having realised aright the truth clearly, I became free from illusions. Let the world be full of illusion or the eternal Atman, the all-true. It does not matter.(1-112)

12. Doubts about Jivanmuktas removed

Thus, the Jivanmuktas like Janaka etc with a firm determination that they are the Brahman live happy devoid of woes and worries, in the tranquil peaceful state of the true equality. They are full-minded men of great courage of conviction, equal-minded and dispassionate, never thinking of birth and death and praise or blame. Though they are all-mighty like the shoulders of Narayana, as outrageous as the Meru, they live with humility and nobility. They lived equally happy in forests, mountains, islands, towns and pleasure-parks like the gods in heaven: They lived in the flowery cradles, fair forests and on the peaks of the Meru with equal ease- They ruled over kingdoms, devoid of enemies, with the paraphernalia of umbrella and fans, upholding the principles of Dharma, Artha, Kama and Moksha with the fitting sports and pastimes, They performed all the actions as prescribed by the scriptures, that smritis and the traditions, made the people perform their religious duties. They enjoyed all the pleasures of the flesh and the positions, together with other enjoyments. They enjoyed the pleasures of the mango gardens, the mandara pleasure-gardens and the nandana pleasure-gardens hearing the music and observing the dance of the heavenly and earthly damsels forgetting their physical bodies. They accepted and did the duties of ideal householders, performed all kinds of sacrifices for the happiness of their people and all the animate and inanimate objects. They also roamed heroically in the streets of great warfare with terrific sounds of the wild elephants, trumpets, with groups of elephants lying dead and groups of foxes eating the flesh of the dead bodies. They also performed feats of single combats with the enemy. In spite of doing all these, their minds remained unattached, calm and disinterested. At the times of great calamities and the highest honours, they were neither depressed nor elated like great mountains remaining unsubmerged in waters. Finding the full Moon the ocean becomes

elated, but they were never in spite of their enlarged empires all over. In the hot summer even the strong forests become faded, but they never even at the time of the worst sorrows. The forest creepers become aglow by the fall of the frost, but they never even when they were immersed in the highest pleasures. Thus, leaving aside their subjective attachment, they enjoyed all pleasures of the world in full. They neither gave up likes and dislikes nor entertained them. Though winning victory after victory over their enemies, they never got elated. They never got elated by being verily victorious over the enemy; they never got disturbed when they were defeated by their enemies. They were never proud of their victory or happiness; they never got dejected or unhappy over their sorrows. They were never deluded or disillusioned in calamities; they were never depressed in dangers. By auspicious things, they were never overjoyful. They were never sorrowful like you in inauspicious things. Performing the duties of their caste and stage of life, they stood like the Meru Mountain non-doing in mind. Rama, follow their sinless view, give up the ordinary ego and remain in the idea- I am every thing. Look at the series of creations in the true perspective; be like the Meru in firmness in depth like the ocean and be devoid of temptation. What all you see lustrous is nothing but Chaitanya; there is no question of their being true or non-true or any thing else or nothing. Be the Brahman, give up the mind of illusion; be non-attached and see that the samsara is destroyed. But never be emotional like a fool; never be deluded and roam like a mad man,

Rama :- Dear Sir, I am now able to know the truth by your grace, like the lotus fully blossoming with the rays of the Sun. Wonderful. All my illusion vanished; all my doubts are cleared. I shall do as you please. My pride and illusion are gone once for all; I am now devoid of ego and malice; I am very happy as my long-prevailing sorrow is destroyed. I am at your bidding; my

mind is pure with a single purpose; command me, I shall implicitly obey you. (1-28)

13. Jnanavicharayogopadesa, self - knowledge by self - enquiry.

Rama:-" Sir, with the destruction of vasanas, I attained the position of a Jivanmukta, the fruit of right knowledge and rest happily and peacefully in it. Attaining the destruction of the vasanas, controlling the movement of the life-breath, how to be a jivanmukta, pray tell me.

Vasishtha : "Rama, Yoga means the tact by which samsara is got over and keep the mind in peace. It is of two kinds. I gave you in detail the first kind; self - knowledge by self - enquiry; the second is the control of the life - wind.

Rama:- "Sir, of the two kinds what is easier than the other? In what kind are the difficulties less? which is good than the other? By knowing which will the sorrow disappear quickly ?

Vasishtha:-"Rama, generally the word 'Yoga' means control of the life-breath. Jnana and Yoga aim at the same result. To some, Yoga is impossible; to some Jnana is. Of the two Jnana is easier. If by Jnana, ignorance is got rid of, it will not raise its head again even in a dream. Jnana is always eternal while Yoga is possible only when there are dhyana, dharana, samadhi and the fitness of the place etc, So, the question which is easy and which is difficult will not arise for a sincere soul. I described Jnana in detail. Yoga is famous for making Prana and Apana as equal, for giving innumerable siddhis, achievements and depending upon strong body. By great effort, if the life - breath is controlled, vasanas will vanish, the activities of the mind are controlled and the highest state of bliss can be attained. (1-13)

14. The Story of Bhusunda: The description of the Peak of Meru

In the Brahman, like the moving water in a mirage, the world exists. The great grandfather of the creation, one who is born from the navel-lotus of Vishnu, having the created souls as the garland of black bees, Brahma exists. I am his mind-born son. By my perfect behaviour, I remain till the end of the period of Vaivaswata, in the orbit of the seven great sages, adored by Dhruva. One day I went to the court of Indra in Heaven. I heard the words of Narada and others speaking about those who live for eternity. Saataatapa, a great sage very respectable, of a few words was telling the following story. There is the great Meru Mountain. To its north-east there is an ore of the lotus-red gems. There is a desire-yielding tree, called the Choota. To its south, there is a hole. Around it there are golden creepers intertwined; there is a nest of birds. In it a crow called Bhusunda lives unattached like the creator in his lotus-seat. There are none having more of longevity than that Bhusunda; there can not be in the near future too. He is very intelligent, unattached, fortunate and long-lived. He is at full rest, serene in mind, knowing the past, present and the future. If one can lead such a life as the crow, he must be considered fortunate indeed, of great good and luck. The sage, being questioned by the gods gave the story of Bhusunda in full. I went to see Bhusunda to quench my curiosity. As the place where Bhusunda lives is said to be full of lotus-red-gems, I could easily find it out. The place is filled with the lustre of gems and is lustrous flame-coloured. The mountain shone like the lump of fire at the time of Deluge. On the sides of it, the lustre of the black gems rose high up, appearing like the clouds. The sky is reddened with the light of various gems. It appears as though all the colours took their refuge in the mountain. Hence it looked as though it is the prop of the evening clouds. It looked as though the badaba-like fire of the stomach, from the belly to the Meru Mountain, rose up and occupied the place

at the head. Moreover, the forest goddess of the Sumaru, extending its red coloured fingers of the hand is trying to catch the Moon. The badaba fire in the mountain expanding with the garlands of flames appeared as going up to raise the peaks full with water to the skies. The mountain looked like kissing the sky to count the stars with the nails of its peak-rays. In the mountain, sounds of the clouds, the music of the black bees, the bunches of flowers on the four sides make it appear as the dancing hall of the goddess of the forest. The leaves of the palmyra trees, by extending themselves, making flames like the teeth looked as though laughing at the other mountains. The heavenly damsels enjoy the pastime of swinging in cradles. There all are love-intoxicated. The gods took rest at the stony places. In the caves lovers gathered secretly for secret actions. The mountain looked like a sage wearing the sky-deer-skin the pure Ganga-sacred thread the wheat coloured clusters of hair and the venu-stick. In the mountain, the ripples of the streams of the Ganges made sounds; the gods were entering the creeper-houses. The Gandharvas were immersed in celestial songs; the winds blew with fine scents; the golden lotuses shone bright. The star-gems flourished there greatly. The Meru Mountain appeared as though it pierced through the sky, The Meru the place for love-sports of the young heavenly damsels, was full with many-coloured flowers making the sky decorated with varied colours, peculiar. (1-27)

15. Meeting Bhusunda

The head of the Meru mountain was full with huge clouds-hair. The branches were flowery and far and wide. It is the satisfier of all desires of the needy. It is covered with the flower-dust-clouds. It is full with bunches of flowers closely knit like gems. In height it excelled the sky; the tree appeared as another peak of the mountain. Its flowers excel the stars in the sky in number and beauty; the leaves are more than the

rainy-season-clouds; the heap of flower-dust effulgent is double the rays of the Sun and the Moon put together; the sprouts are more than the lightnings, The sound of the black-bees on the tree coupled with the sound of the music of the kinnaris is doubling itself. The sprouts-like hands and feet of the damsels enjoying the swinging pastime are double the sprouts of the tree. The number of birds on the tree doubles itself by the Gandharvas wearing the guise of birds as they are experts in changing forms at will. The bark of the tree thick with the light of gems and the calm snow looks like its wearing cloth. The fruits of the tree appear to be doubled by their embracing the Moon-disc drinking the nectar; its trunk also appears to be doubled as the thick clouds surround it. Gods under their branches, the Kinnaras under their leaves take rest. The clouds under the bowers, the gods under their shadows lie in sound sleep. The damsel-bees driving away the black-bees of their anklet-sounds, are plucking flowers from the vast and huge tree. Like the groups of worlds occupying the quarters, the tree was full with groups of the gods, the Kinnaras, Gandharvas and the Vidyadharas the cream of them, the tree is full with buds of flowers, delicate sprouts, blossoming flowers, bunches of flowers, creepers of Malati, groups of gems, celestial cloths, gems etc in great numbers. The creepers there dance with smiles. The tree shines bright peculiarly on all sides with flowers, leaves, fine smelling good flower-dust, I saw birds building their nests on its sides branches, crepeers, leaves, joints and flowers, living there. There the face of the swan, the carriage of Brahma lived eating the soft trunks of the lotuses and the rays of the Moon happily. As the swans happened to be near Brahma, they learnt the Brahma Vidya, uttered the spell of the Pranava and immersed in the pranava mantra, the spell of 'om' repeating musically. The parrots, the carriages of the Fire-God, Agni were repeating the sacrificial hymns. As they were always uttering 'swaha' their tone acquired the form

of 'swaha'. They take the fire to the place of sacrifice and live on the trees nearby. As the bringers of fire, they were very much liked by the saints, who await their arrival as their beauty was unsurpassed. Some of them were like lightnings, yellow coloured; some were black-coloured like the clodus. Some were green-coloured like the petals of sacrificial grass-Their heads and tufts were like the tongues of fire. There were the chariots of Kartikeya, the peacocks' ruled over by mother, Gowri, mother of Skanda or Kumara. They became experts in Saiva dharma, learnt from Kumara. There were also a kind of birds called the sky-birds, they were born in the sky and they die in the sky only. They will never get down to earth. Their friends the white swans were as beautiful as the clouds in the sarat season. Different varieties of birds lived there. The parrots, the peacocks, the sky-birds, the twin-faced Bharadwaja birds, the Hemachuda birds, the golden tufted birds, the kalavinkas, the griddhras, the bakas, the kukkutas, the koels, the bhasas and the chashakas. It was just like the world of birds. I looked at it from the sky; I looked at a group of crows the Drona kakas, having their nests on a branch of the tree. It was just like the group of thick clouds at the time of Deluge in the forest of the Chakravaka mountain. I saw some crows in conference near the hole of the trunk of a tree. full with peculiar flowers of good fragrance. The place was like the place in heaven where good people enjoy the damsels beautiful to their heart's content. The crows bear the fragrance of sama, dama etc. They appeared as though the pieces of clouds beaten by the winds hid themselves there. In between them, there appeared Bhusunda like the Indraneela gem. He is full-minded, respectable, of equanimity and equality, the inward-turned-minded. He is known as Chiranjivi, long-lived in the whole world and hence called the Chiranjivi Bhusunda. He saw the origin and destruction of worlds innumerable times. He is of enlightened heart. He was vexed with the calculations of the longevities of Siva, Indra, Chandra etc. He knows the works of suras

and asuras, their rulers, He was always calm and deep minded. His words are friendly, sweet, clear and plain. He is pure, devoid of pride. He hears the difficulties of all and shows them the way out, as a good and wise friend. He has no enmity even with death whose dear son he thinks himself. He is like Brihaspati. He has all praise for all as he is the seer of the Brahman in every thing ever. He was cool like the waters of a pure lake. He is the enjoyer of the bliss within. He is the favourite of all: He is very broad-minded; he knows every thing. His heart-lotus is ever blossoming; incessant depth of heart and width of vision adore him always. (1-34)

16. Meeting of Vasishtha and Bhusunda

While the lustre of my body spread to the four quarters, I got down from the sky before him. Hearing the noise of my getting down, the crows were a bit afraid. The crows in conference were like a black lily-lake; just as the earthquake moves the ocean, my getting down moved them a bit. Bhusunda was able to understand that Vasishtha myself arrived there. At once, getting up from the cluster of leaves, like a piece of black cloud from the mountain, Bhusunda uttered the sweet words "Sage, welcome." Just as the black cloud sprinkles mist, with hands born as per desire he offered me a handful of flowers. He gave me a seat on the sprouts of the a ranch and requested me to take my seat. All the crows stood up in reverence while the black lustre of their wings spread. They awaited my taking the seat, They along with me took the seats. Having satisfied me with the honours due to a guest the lustrous Bhusunda spoke sweet friendly words thus: 'Oh sage, you have made us lucky by granting us your benign presence to-day- you are the good accumulated in my past births. Where are you coming from? Though you roam in the world full of illusion, I trust that your heart feels the oneness of the soul. May we know the cause of your gracing us with your presence? Your

very presence made us very fortunate. We are eager to have the nectar of your words, pray tell us.' Hearing his words, I said, 'yes, Bhusunda. I came here to see you; You realised the Self; you are cool in mind; You are never immersed in terrible samsara. You are safe. What is your caste? where were you born? How could you attain Self-realisation? please tell me plain and clear my doubt. What is your age? Do you have good remembrance of the past happenings? Who advised you to live here?'

Bhusunda replied 'Sir, I will tell you every thing. kindly hear attentively: You are a great soul. To speak what you asked for will cleanse the sins of our souls just as the clouds covering the Sun lessen the prickly heat. (1-23)

17. The Description of the real form of Bhusunda

Then Bhusunda, as black as the rainy black-cloud, the all-fair-limbed, plain-hearted, sweet-deep-worded, the ever smiling-faced, the knowre of the courese of the worlds well, one who gave up all pleasures like straw, the knower of the intricacies and secrets of samsara, the seer of the Ultimate Brahman, courageous, firm-minded, of great bearing in figure, the active Mountain-like coming out from the big ocean of milk, the full-minded, the pure, the restive, of the highest bliss, the knower of the secret and purpose of life, sweet musical-toned, the fearless due to the realisation of the Self spoke in plain words emitting ambrosia without any confusion, his life-history just as the beautiful cloud speaks to the black-bee desirous of drinking the honey of the flowers thus.(1-7)

18. The Affairs of the Mother

"The great among the gods, the much adored by the gods, the god of all gods Siva shines resplendent: Becoming half of his body, like the creeper surrounding the mango tree the black-bee-eyed, very beautiful, flower-bunch-like-breasted Parvati lives,

On his head, the flower-garland-like Ganga with drops of snow, the bunch of floker-like streams adores with white colour. The crest jewel of his hair garland is the Moon born of the ocean of milk, spreading the nectar from his body of mirror-like appearance. The kalakuta poison that adored his neck appeared like the Indraneela gem turned as nectar ever flowing from the Moon. He mixes the illusory sacred ashes raised at the time of the Deluge by the fire of his third eye with the water of knowledge and rubs the paste all over his body. His gem-necklaces are the bones that decorate his body shining like gems whiter than the Moon and the rubies. His wearing cloth is the sky, made white by the nectar of the Moon, having the nice border of black clouds and adored by the drops of the stars. The burial ground of the roaming foxes eating sumptuously the meat of the dead bodies, as white as the snow, and situated outside, is his dwelling place. His friends are the seven Matrukas, Mothers, the wearers of the garlands of the cut off heads, the blood-red dressed and the bearers of the bone-garlands. His anklets are the serpents, shedding the lustre of the gems on their heads, moving with smooth bodies shedding golden beams. His play-things are the burning of mountains by the fall of his eye-fire, desiring to devour the universe, acts of enhancing the might of the demons. As his very thought bears fruit at once, he causes the welfare of the worlds with just a thought of it; he remains always in contemplation; by just moving his hand, the Tripuras were destroyed. Devoid of friendship, attachment and anger and devoid of thirst and hunger, his form reminds one of a firm mountain. The heads of the Matrugas, his retinue, are diamond-hard; their hands very capable of creating any thing; their teeth have terrible power of cutting to piece and eating extraordinary. They are ugly fierce, faced like the bear, the goats and the serpent etc. Siva's face has three eyes with black lustre. The Pramathas and the Saptamatrukas form his retinue. They will be devouring the infinite number of

jivas of the fourteen worlds; they will be dancing with the groups of beings remmaining before. They are donkey, camel etc- faced drunkards of blood, fleshy juice etc, roamers in the quarter-ends; they wear the garlands of hands and feet of the dead bodies. They live in the peaks of mountains, the sky, in other worlds, in burial grounds and in the bodies of beings. In the abode of Siva live the eight Matrukas! they are Jaya, Vijaya, Jayanti, Aparajita, Siddha, Rakta, Alambusa and Utapala. They are the chieftains of all the Matrugas, the rest follow them, there are many who follow them, Their number is unlimited. Alambusa occupies a unique place among them; she is very famous. A crow with a beak as hard as a gem and the black colour like that of the Indraneela gem is the carriage for her like the Garutman to Lakshmi. Its name is Chanda, Once all of them met in the sky on some occasion; they were all rich of eight varieties and of terrific deeds. They all worshipped one Rudra by name Tumbura and celebrated a grand occasion with festivities, pertaining to Paramartha, holy. They all worshipped Tumbura and Bhyrava and became intoxicated with liquor, they talked to each other thus peculiarly. They expressed that Umapathi was looking down upon them. "Let us show our powers to him so that he will no more look down upon us." they decided. So, they paralysed the face and other limbs of Uma. By their very powers of Maya, they separated Uma from Siva and brought her to their homes and made her a foodstuff. They celebrated the incident with music, dance and revelry. The sky was filled with the sounds of joy. They expressed their great joy showing their hands and other limbs, with clapping of hands etc. They laughed with a sound like that of the clouds and thunders. The mountain caves echoed thier joyful sounds. with liquor drunk they made joyful sounds which reverberated the caves; the sound was like that of the roaring of the ocean at the joy of the rise of the Moon. They filled their bodies with the sandal-paste and other cosme-

tics. Drinking liquor, they made big sounds; with which the sky became thick. Mad with joy, the Matrukas spent the time in jokes, dance, drink, lunch etc, exchanging food from their mouths, throwing each other, catching each other freely and behaved as they liked. They made the good behaviour of the world topsy-turvy. (1-36)

19. The Gain of a Temple

When they were thus mad of the festivities, their carriages became blood-thirsty and danced with joy. The lady-swan, the carriage of Brahma and Chanda, the carriage of Alambusa danced with mad joy. The lady-swans dancing with the male crow were too tempted to have coation with the male, whoever it be. Therefore, the love-intoxicated lady-swans offered themselves for coation with the crow. Too eager to enjoy the lady-swans, the male crow at once gladly obliged them. The crow then enjoyed the coation with seven lady-swans to the full contentment to the brim and made the seven swans pregnant, as a result of the union. The dance-festival ceased. The Matrukas made Parvati food and gave it to Siva, who' realising that the food was of his own wife Parvati, grew angry upon the Matrukas. At once by their bodies they created Uma and married her to God Siva. Siva was pleased and took Uma to his abode. All the rest retired to their places. The Brahmani, wife of Brahma took pity upon the pregnant lady-swans and exempted them from being her carriages. Happily the lady-swans went to the lotus-lake 'of the navel-lotus of Vishnu and lived there. After the period of their pregnancy was full, they delivered twenty one eggs, very nice in the smooth navel-lotus-leaf of Vishnu. After the eggs grew fully, they broke into pieces themselves. We then were born as twenty one crows as the sons of Chanda. Growing in the navel-lotus itself, we began to fly when we got our wings. Brahmi, worshipped by us and our mothers came out of samadhi and graced us with her blessings,

We then ran to our father Chanda with a desire to do contemplation full of peace within. Chanda embraced us with affection. Then we worshipped Alambusa, who looked at us with kindness. Chanda said "My dear sons, are you able to get rid of samsara the net that was made by endless strong threads? Otherwise, I will request Alambusa to bless you with salvation. The crows replied 'Father, we are aware of the truth to be realised; but we are unable to find a suitable place lonely and peaceful for our meditation'. Chanda replied 'Sons, there is the Meru Mountain, the source of all gems, the dwelling place of all the gods and the possessor of grand peaks. The Sun and the Moon are its lamps; it is the pillar of gems to the Brahmanda mandapa, its base is golden and it looks as though it is the raised hand of the Earth. The golden peaks appear as its fingers; the four seas are the anklets and the islands in them are the joints of the fingers. It is surrounded by the seven great mountains as its subordinate kings; it occupies the lion-throne of the Jambudweepa; it turns around the two eyes, the Sun and the Moon; it lives as king. Wearing the sky of the ten quarters as dress, the malati garlands of the stars, being the dwelling place for the elephants and the serpents, it shines resplendent with the beautiful ornaments of the gods. The ladies, of the quarters as its gates with the ornaments of civilised ladies, very beautiful, with the cloud-chamara-fans, with the sprinkles of cool water fan him. The feet of the Meru worshipped by the nagas, asuras and great serpents spread in the nether world to the extent of sixteen thousand yojanas. The head of the Meru worshipped by the gods, gandharvas and the kinnaras and having the Sun and the Moon as the two eyes spreads its yoke to eighty thousand yojanas in heaven. Fourteen varieties of beings, the Brahmarshis, the Devarshis, the Rajarshis, the gods, the manes, the gandharvas, the kinnaras, the apsaras, the vidyadharas, the yakshas, the Rakshasas, the Pramatthas, the Guhyas, and the nagas live there unseen by each

other like the relatives in the householders' residences. To its north-eastern side, there was a peak full with the Padmaraga gems, gems with the colour of the lotuses appearing as the rising Sun, Just born. On it there is a Kalpataru, the dwelling place for beings like the world reflected in the mirror of its peak. To the southern side of its trunk, there is a branch with golden sprouts and leaves. It is full with the flowers of gems and fruits shining as the disc of the Moon. There I built a nest with gems, when I was in contemplation I used to go to it for rest. It is covered with the petals of gem-flowers. Its outer gate was constructed with the pieces of the Chintamani stone; there are many fruits full of juice. There lived a number of crow-sons roaming with discrimination. It is beautiful covered with cold flowers. Go there and be there, Even gods can not go there. By staying there, you can be sure of getting both bhoga and yoga' worldly pleasures as well as other-worldly pleasures unhindered," Thus speaking, our father embraced and kissed us and gave us the meat he brought for Devi. We ate it, saluted to father and mother and left the place, Vindh-yakaccha, the residence of Alambusadevi. Gradually we passed over the sky, crossed the group of clouds and passed on to the region of the wind and saluted the gods who appeared. We went to Heaven crossing over the region of the Sun and the Brahmaloaka crossing over Amaravati. There we saluted to mother and the Brahmi and informed them of the father's bidding. They embraced us with affection and love and permitted us to go. We again saluted them and came out of the Brahmaloaka. Then crossing over the towns of the rulers of the quarters, who shine as the Sun, passed over the region of the wind, going in the sky, reached this tree, entered the nest and observed silence with no hindrance whatsoever. Thus I gave you our history exactly; I shall tell the rest, if ordered".(1-50)

20. The description of the real form of Bhusunda

" Sir, the world is as it was in the previous kalpas. So

though I lived on many kalpavrikshas, but I describe my nest as it is to-day. I see the present kalpa as the previous kalpas. Your appearance here is the result of our good in the previous kalpas. As the result of your benign presence, we, our nest, the branch and myself become sanctified. kindly accept our welcome rituals to enable us to become purer than before and command." Vasishtha said "Rama, so saying, he offered again arghya, padya etc. Accepting them and being pleased I asked him? 'Oh king of birds, where are your brothers as strong and as wise as yourself? How is it that you are alone?' 'As the days pass one after another, the yugas also pass one after another; a long time passed; then we were together here. But later, my brothers left behind their bodies and attained the state of Siva. Very strong in body and very long in longevity there were many. All were devoured by time, the endless,' Bhusunda replied.

Vasishtha :- Bhusunda, how did you escape the clutches of the terrific winds of the Deluge which wear the twelve Suns in the garland like the twelve Moon-discs? Did you not feel the terrible heat of the Sun destroying the forests by his rays? How could you tolerate the icy cold of the Moon's rays that make water as clots of ice? The thick clouds of the great Deluge which even the chisled axe cannot cut to pieces frightened you I suppose. when every thing in the world was shaken with dread and destroyed ultimately, how is it that the kalpav.iksha you live did not get ruined.

Bhusunda :- "Sir, we are birds; our life is the worst of all lives; we have no prop; all blame us. For the sake of such mean birds Brahma created forests with no men, but with the empty sky. Born in the wretched race, bound by the ropes of desires and living for long, how can I describe my woes innumerable? We are ever Self-satisfied; we take rest in the Self; we are not entangled with the labyrinth of births and deaths. We are satisfied

thoroughly with our natural real Self; we spend our time in our home; we are rid of the difficult efforts. Living we do not like to perform actions of this world or for the next world; we do not desire to die and leave the body. We spend time living thus having our desires fully fulfilled in the eternal firm everlasting form of bliss. We have seen many births and deaths in the world; We realised the world as false like the things in dreams. Our mind left for good its fickleness. We live with equanimity and equality. Living here on the kalpavriksha devoid of the tapatrayas, looking into the Atman, we see the course of time unmoved and unattached. Though we are in this kalpalata devoid of day and night due to the ever bright light of the gems; we are able to find out the course of the world by the course of inhaling and exhaling the life-wind and the useless wind respectively. There is no difference here in day and night but we realise the three times, the past, the present and the future by our intellect. By the realisation of the Self, my mind is devoid of the difference of essence, no-essence and it rests in peace. Hence, my mind is calm and firm; there is no place for sorrow here. Falling in the bondage of the ropes of samsara of desires and expectations like the worldly crows, I never get frightened even when a man coughs. With looks too serene and peaceful, I see the worlds of illusion; we do not lose our courage even if they are destroyed. Even in the midst of terrible calamities, we stand firm like a rock and be only as witness like the white gem. Happy in the beginning but quite useless are the joys and sorrows of the world they come and go; we remain undisturbed. Even if the beings are born, dead or not dead, we gain or lose nothing. The rivers of the beings enter the ocean of time; we live neutral unmindful of them. We accept none; reject none. Our feet are smooth as we live in samsara very careful; they are wicked for tearing away the samsara. Thus we live in this tree. Winning over the grace of great souls like you, who are devoid of sorrow, fear and illusion, we also live devoid of sorrow, fear and illusion. Though our

mind goes hither and thither for the affairs of samsara, it is never under the control of passion or desire as it is in the full know of reality, Our mind is devoid of change, trouble but rests in the Self; the waves of Chit arise like the waves of the ocean during the festive days. The nectar of joy got by the churning of the ocean of milk we drink now by your benign presence, More than the bodily presence of the great souls who are devoid of the three desires for wife, money and sons there is no auspicious thing, greater than the gain of the Self. The pleasures of the flesh are only sweet for a while; we gain nothing from them. From the touchstone of Chintamani of the association of the saintly comes knowledge, the essence of all. Your words are fine, full of depth, sweet and beautiful, delicate and delicious. You are the only black-bee that drank the nectar of the three worlds-lotuses The association of the wise saintly sage is the destroyer of all fears, Though we are not Self-realised souls, by your presence all our sins are destroyed; our life has become truly fruitful (1-41)

22. The Attainment of high longevity.

This kalpavriksha would never be shaken even by terrific onslaughts of nature and the blowing of deadly winds. Even to those who roam in different worlds, this is quite inaccessible. So I am happy here with no woe or worry. Even when Hiranyaksha stole the whole earth with the seven islands by his tremendous power this tree was never shaken or disturbed, when the Varaha Vishnu made the whole earth set right, it was shaken but not this tree. When the Kurma Vishnu bore the earth on his shoulders and when the ocean of milk was churned, this tree remained unperturbed. When the great gods-demons war broke out, the Sun and the Moon fell down and the world was in utter confusion and chaos, this tree was not at all shaken. The terrific winds of the Deluge overturned mountains and hills, uprooted trees and caused destruction but this tree remained calm, It was not shaken

even when the great winds blew when the Mandara Mountain churning the ocean of milk produced terrific noise of the Deluge. When Kalanemi took the Meru Mountain in between his shoulders and even the Meru was a bit trembled, this tree remained calm. When the great Garutman fought with the gods for nectar and when his wings in the great war created fierce winds and disturbed the peace of the world, this tree never even moved a bit. When Garutman was born and when he wanted to submerge the entire earth under water with lightning speed and when Sankarshana Rudra bore the earth with thousand hoods as Sesha and kept the earth above water, even then this tree never moved an inch, When Adishesha left great flames of fire from his thousand tongues, even when to bear them was impossible to the big mountains, and great oceans, the tree never was in peril. So great is this kalpaka tree. We who took it as our prop can never be in peril. Those who take refuge under a bad man or place alone will be in peril.

Vasishta :- Bhusunda, how was it possible for you to remain steadfast even when the Sun and the Moon fell at the time of the Deluge ?

Bhusunda :- When at the end of the kalpa, the world disappears, I shall leave the tree just as an ungrateful fellow leaves behind his noble friend, If the mind is devoid of vasanas the limbs of the body become static. I live in the sky actionless giving up all creations, of fancies. When the twelve Suns rise, cut the mountains to pieces and make them extremely hot, I make myself sure of becoming the form of Varuna and live unmoved like a hero, courageous. When the huge winds uproot the hills at the time of the Deluge, I take the form of the mountain and live in the sky unmoved. When the Meru and other mountains melt away and the whole world becomes water, nothing but water, I take the form of the wind and remain unmoved in the sky. When all

the tattwas dissolve themselves. I shall remain unmoved in this glorious state like one in sound sleep. I shall remain so till Brahma begins another creation. I enter the Brahmanda then, come to this tree and live in here.'

Vasishtha : - "Bhusunda, you live for many kalpas continuously, but the other yogis do not do so; they attain Moksha.

Bhusunda : - "This is the niyati, or the divine ordination of the Supreme Spirit, This is inscrutable. His will is that I should be so and they thus. None knows what happens. Every thing is as it should be; not otherwise; this is Nature's ordination. By my desire this kalpavriksha exists here every Yuga.

Vasishtha : - "You have great longevity, the high salvation and the mind quite fit for Yoga; You are endowed with Jnana and Vijnana, knowledge and culture and courage of conviction; You have witnessed many creations, deluges, natural as well as unnatural and great Deluges. Do you remember the most peculiar and the most wonderful things?

Bhusunda : - "One is that the land under the Meru Mountain was devoid of earth, trees, mountains, grass etc. It was filled with heaps of ashes for eleven thousand years. There was no Sun, no Moon, there was no difference between the night and the day. It half shines by the light of the Meru; like the Chakravala mountain it is half in darkness and half in light. In the great war between the gods and the demons, many fled away fearing death in war to this place. This was for four Yugas the harem for the ladies of the Rakshasas, The waters of the oceans once spread everywhere except the Meru with the three Murtis, thrimurtis. For two Yugas, it was only with the forest trees nothing else. For four Yugas, it was full with mountains. The people had no cultivable lands and no cultivation as profession. For ten thousand years, it was full with the bones of

the dead like mountains. As darkness spread, stars disappeared, the travellers in aeroplanes ran away from the place with dread. The Vindhya mountain proud with all strength broke the sky-way and made the south full of mountains alone. Then Agastya was not there. I quite remember all the above things. Innumerable are the peculiarities; I need not tell all. The essence is this. I remember hundreds of the four Yuga-periods. I saw hundreds and hundreds of Manus. I bring back to my memory the rise of the Virat Brahmanda body; when the realisation of the self was thought of there were only lustrous bodies; no men, no gods; there was the Virat-Purusha only. In one creation, there were brahmins, only drunkards; the non-brahmins of heinous acts, the gods and many debauchees. Once the earth was full of trees very thickly grown and no seas; there were men born like Bhrigu without the coaction of man and woman. They were mind-born. When there was unnatural Deluge, the earth and the mountains, the bearers of earth were destroyed. Then gods and men with the attainment of Yoga lived in the sky. This also I remember. I quite remember when there was no Indra, no king, no upper and lower classes of men; between the Deluge and the next creation the quarters were full of darkness. I remember this very well. The effort to create, the difference of the three worlds, the state of the Kulaparvatas, the construction of the Jambudweepa, the division of castes and states of life, the division of earth, the stars-wheel, Dhruva's birth, the birth of the Sun and the Moon, the history of Indra and Upendra, the theft of Hiranyaksha, the earth's upliftment by Varaha, the devas, danavas, the naras the emperorship, the Matsyavatara to bring back the Vedas, the uprooting of the Mandara Mountain the churning of the ocean, the birth of Garuda with no wings and the birth of seas etc, the quite recent things are remembered even by far youngsters to me like you. So, I am not telling any thing about them:

anam

“ Garudavahanam Vibagavahanam, Vihagavanaham Vrishabbavah-
Vrishabbavahanam Garudavahanam, Kalitavanaham Kalitajivitaḥ’

As I am of the highest longevity, I saw the most wonderful things; One who became the charioteer of Garuda in one kalpa became the charioteer of Hamsa, the Swan in another kalpa; the charioteer of Hamsa became the charioteer of the Ox in still another kalpa and again the charioteer of the Ox became the charioteer of the Garuda in another Kalpa.(1-52)

22. The Description of Life in Longevity

Vasishtha, yourself, Pulastya, Atri, Narada, Indra, Mareechi Pulahu, Uddalaka, Kratu, Bhrigu, Angiras, Sanatkumara and other sages, Sankara, Bhringi, Kartikeya, Ganesa and other gods, Gouri, Saraswati, Gayatri, and other goddesses, Meru, Mandara, Kailasa, Himalaya, Dardura and other mountains, Hayagreeva, Hiranyaksha, Kalanemi, Bali, Hiranyakasipu, Prahlada, and other demons, Sibi, Prithu, Vena, Naabahaga, Nala, Mandhata, Sagara, Dileepa, Nahusha and other kings, Aatreya, Vyasa, Vaalmiki, Suka, Vaatsyayna and other saints, Upamanyu, Manki, Bhageeratha and others and different kinds of beings were born. To remember the present things and to forget the innumerable incidents also are not impossible. You had eight previous births as Vasishtha. Now, you came to me. In all your births you were not the mind-born son of Brahma; you were born from the sky in one birth, from the water in another birth, from the Wind in another birth, from the mountain in another birth, and from the Fire in still another birth. I saw three creations exactly like the present creation. The customs and systems of people and the situation of the quarters are the same as now. For ten creations, the time was the same; the creations also were equal. In them, the demons did not conquer the gods; the customs and systems of the gods and others were the same. In five creations, the Earth was submerged under the

ocean and the five times the Kurmavatara, the Tortoise uplifted it. I remember that the gods and the demons churned the ocean of milk by the Mandhara mountain ten times to get the nectar Hiranyaksha. who collected the homage - dues from the gods also took into the Patala with him all the medicinal plants thrice, Vishnu becoming Parasuram the son of Renuka killed the Kshatriyas in six kalpas; in many kalpas, this did not happen I remember Buddha being born hundreds of times in the Kaliyugas. Siva conquered the Tripurasuras thirty times, destroyed the sacrifices of Daksha twice; and conquered Indra ten times. Siva performed war for the sake of Banasura eight times. Hari and Hara by creating Saiva, Vaishnava, Pramatha spells created dread even to the gods. In every yuga, the Veda was not the same; as per the capacity of the human beings, celibacy, service to the Guru sleeping on the floor and other customs and the pronunciations of the Vedas were different. In every yuga, though the Puranas teach the same thing had different versions. I saw many Bharata Ramayanas written by the knowers of the Vedas like Vyasas and Valmikis. I have seen another great Ramayana in one lakh slokas; it is the science of knowledge. It teaches to behave like Rama and never like Ravana; in it knowledge is taught easily and clearly. Now Valmiki writes the Ramayana in thirty two thousand slokas; I know it; the world knows it; you will know it in due course. So far, the Ramayana is written eleven times; the world forgets whether it is written by Valmiki or somebody else, It is written again for the twelfth time, There is one more which is equal to this: that is Bhaarata. The previous one written by Vyasa was forgotten. It was written six times either by Vyasa or somebody else. That is not present now; so, it is now being written for the seventh time. I have seen different Puranas with different stories in the different Yugas. Other things also do not appear as they were before, They appear different in one Yuga and the same in yet another Yuga. For the eleventh time Rama is

(8)

now born to kill the Rakshasas. Hari as Nrisimha killed Hiranyakasipu for the third time just as the lion kills the elephant. For the sixteenth time, Lord Vishnu is going to be born in the house of Vasudeva. The world full of illusion is not existent at all. Though it appears as it is, it is only like the bubble in water, momentary. The transient illusion of drisya has in itself the Chaitanya, in which just as the waves rise in water, the drisya rises and dissolves. I quite remember the three worlds the same, quite different and half the same and half different. I also remember beings doing the same things; doing different things, the same actions and different actions. In every Manvantara, the course of the world is different, topsy-turvy. Its birth, growth and method are different and topsy-turvy. My friends now are different; the relatives also are so; the servants are different; and so are the props. I once lived on the peak of the Vindhya, some time in the Sahya, some time in the Dardura. I was alone some times with no relatives. Once I was in the Himalayas; I lived some times in the Malaya mountain; again in the Meru. Thus, endless Yugas pass over. This kalpavriksha remains as it was without changes, with the same glow and glory. Though the tree is as it was, the quarters and the hill are not as before. The northern side of this mountain was previously different from the present state. The change is not detectable; but I remained the same all the kalpas. After my contemplation, I look at the creation, the course of the Sun, Moon the stars and the planets and the situation of the mountains like the Meru. The quarters, things that were there are now changed but I remain the same, recognising the change. As I realised that the world is sat as well as asat, an illusion is born in the Self. I have no illusion or delusion in my mind. Due to the power of delusion of the Self, the things are thus becoming manifold; different due to the changes in the quarters; due to the changes of time also, the son becomes the father; the friend becomes the enemy. Men are becoming women and women are becoming men.